The Nation. March 10, 1979 $1

EDITORIAL

MISSILE-GAP MANIA

Remember the 1960s—Elvis, the Beatles, the "missile gap"? Elvis's life story was dramatized recently on TV, the Beatles are reincarnated nightly in the Broadway show *Beatlemania* and, as for the missile gap, Senator Howard Baker did a passable J.F.K. imitation on ABC's *Issues and Answers* recently. Asked if there was a missile gap, the Senator replied, "Yes, there is one now. . . . You know 'missile gap' is last year's phrase so let me state what I mean and back off from that."

We hope he will back off. The Senator says that "With our present weapons system, we cannot be certain that we can obliterate the Soviet Union's ability to strike us in a second strike" because of the "hardening of their missile sites." Thus, "We have one thing left and that would be to destroy their population, and I suppose that is still a deterrent, but it seems vaguely disquieting to me that the deterrent policy of the United States should be based on destroying people instead of missile systems."

Senator Baker seems to have launched a new missile of his own—the MFIM (Multiple Foot in Mouth). His missile gap appears to be made up of an undigested mixture of some dubious forebodings in *The Economist* and voguish counterforce doctrine.

That aside, we wonder why, after twenty years of Mutual Assured Destruction, the Senator is suddenly developing qualms about the United States' ability "to incinerate 150 million Russians," as he put it. Is he using the arguments of SANE to promote even more and newer missiles? And if we're talking about "credible deterrents," the ability to knock out Soviet missile sites after they've launched a first strike might seem a waste of money to the 150 million, more or less, people over here who would be incinerated in such a strike.

AN OFFICIAL SECRETS ACT?
Thomas I. Emerson

NICARAGUAN TINDERBOX
Cynthia Arnson

STRIKING THE TIMES
Richard Lingeman

A TALK WITH JERRY BROWN
Carey McWilliams

PAUL JACOBS
Robert Sklar
Peter Davis

SUNSET BOULEVARD
Herbert J. Gans

IDEOLOGICAL IMPOTENCE

THE CENTER CANNOT HOLD

ALAN WOLFE
and DAVID A. GOLD

The festering "leadership issue," which dogs the President and his advisers and obsesses his critics, goes beyond mere image problems or what a member of his staff characterized as slaking the public's "thirst for bold political strokes." It has deep roots in the ideological impasse in which the Democratic Party, and the American society it reflects, are locked.

Why has Carter been such an ineffective President? Most journalists and commentators look for the answer in his character and lack of experience, but the problem is hardly as simple as that. Programs and policies filter down from ideological outlooks on the world; the reason Carter has no consistent examples of the former to propose is that the party and the movement out of which he comes has so little of the latter. The American center, in which Carter has positioned himself, has become ideologically impotent. It has been unable to develop its own outlook on the world. Carter has become the victim par excellence of this intellectual sterility.

The disarray of centrist intellectuals is a political phenomenon of great importance. No single set of principles comes close to uniting a group of essayists, academics, journalists and artists that in the recent past had a fairly common outlook on the world. There are, here and there, a few cold-war liberals left, proclaiming that the United States is still a good society and that it can afford both its strong military posture and its social welfare programs. Ben Wattenberg, self-proclaimed discoverer of the "real" America, has developed this theme to a greater degree than any other

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LETTERS.

CULT COMMENTARY

London

If Theodore Roszak ["The Case for Cults: Skeptics and True Believers," *The Nation*, Feb. 10] is going to address us with such brio and confidence on the subject of cult and superstition, he ought not to perpetuate the most elementary and commonplace misquotation of Marx on the "opiate of the backward masses." My translation of *The Critique of Hegel's Philosophy of Right* has Marx as saying:

> Religious distress is at the same time the expression of real distress and the protest against real distress. Religion is the sigh of the oppressed creature, the heart of the heartless world, just as it is the spirit of a spiritless situation. It is the opium of the people. The demand to give up the illusions about its conditions is the demand to give up a condition which needs illusions. Criticism has plucked the imaginary flowers from the chain not so that men will wear the chain without any fantasy or consolation but so that they will shake off the chain and cull the living flower.

There is something more than a pedantic or textual difference between what the old man said and what is said of his view. Unhappily, *The Nation* prints letters on the reverse of its front page, otherwise I would recommend that certain pundits cut out the quotation and paste it within view of their typewriters.

Christopher Hitchens

Newton, Mass.

Theodore Roszak's essay on the needs filled by the cults made some good points. Hope and idealism will always be with us, cynical jibes about the passing of the 1960s notwithstanding, and when hope and idealism find themselves frozen out of the contemporary world, they become a recruiting ground for charlatans offering tawdry or dangerous fixes.

However, Roszak is wrong when he implies that nothing should be done regarding the cults until modern society is turned around. Too many of these groups are too vicious. It is simply not fair to compare all the cults to the Quakers and early Christians. There are groups that put rattlesnakes in peoples' mailboxes, and there are groups that do not. There are groups that destroy their members' abilities to function as competent human beings, and there are groups that do not. . . .

Roszak and many other commentators are off the track when they assume all the people who join cults do so because they are looking for something. Very often they had no interest in such matters and the groups came looking for them instead. A survey by Dr. John Clark of Massachusetts General Hospital has found that only about half the members of several famous cults were "seekers" in any sense of the word before the groups spotted them and zeroed in.

Alan M. MacRobert

Iowa City

What Theodore Roszak seems to be saying is: "I share the same longings as a cultist but I am too smart to be such a sucker." . . . As I read it, his article seems to hinge on two conclusions: one, that fanaticism has its source in "moral desperation" and, two, that intellectual skepticism as an antidote to that desperation is too demanding generally as a stance to last a lifetime and too difficult specifically for those who would fall prey to a cult. What then might stand in skepticism's stead he coyly avoids saying. The better minds are just supposed to talk it over.

I don't think I agree with the first of the conclusions but will leave it aside for the still stranger second. I can only suggest that skepticism must be the inevitable and unavoidable end product of an initial exposure to or a weaning away from any form of moral entrapment and, further, that continued skepticism is the only means the mind has to prevent entrapment or its reoccurrence. . . .

Roszak insists that a skeptical reaction will make me unhappy. He links "doubt and despair" as if they are star-crossed bedfellows and proves his contention, paradoxically, by maintaining they are the main concern of contemporary comedy. I do not know Woody Allen or Jules Feiffer, but every doubter I know is unusually happy, if a little confused. And that confusion, that deliberate and curious reluctance to finally figure out what it all means, seems to be the source of their happiness. ("Gaiety transfiguring all that dread"—since we are throwing Yeats around.) Their resistance to absolutes amounts to an apprehension lest some engulfing moral vision destroy the most vital and cherished elements of their existence. Thus they cultivate confusion . . . because the alternative is so pitiful and demeaning and truly sad.

Finally, Roszak's continuing elitism disqualifies him, I think, from such condescending concern for "those who cry out for guidance" and raises, in my breast growing more and more skeptical, the specter of yet another potential mindbender surveying the teeming, stupid masses for the better parts as grist for his mill, which is finer and subtler but grinds just as surely.

Dan McGuiness

St. Cloud, Minn.

I wholeheartedly agree with Roszak's thesis that moral desperation leads to cultism and that the intellectual has a responsibility to provide alternate values if playing "village atheist." I would not agree that intellectual skepticism is in any significant degree responsible for cultism. . . . The skeptic and the cultist are both products of the failure of traditional religious ideals.

Also, while I agree with Roszak that the need for values and ideals is universal, I disagree that they must be absolute and transcendent. Many skeptics have led productive and rewarding lives in pursuit of nonreligious humanist ideals, Buckminster Fuller, Will Durant and Linus Pauling to name a few.

William Haider

JAPANESE HOPE

Bloomington, Ind.

In response to your article, "New Militarism in Japan" [Donald Kirk, *The Nation*, Feb. 3.], I would like only to quote Henry Miller from his book *Reflections on the Death of Mishima*:

> No, much as I believe the Japanese are entitled to have their own army and navy, their nuclear weapons, their own bombs, the complete arsenal of destruction, like any other nation, my fervent hope is that they will not succumb to this temptation. God forbid that the military take over, that once again they lead the Japanese people to slaughter. If there is to be an army, why not an army of peace emissaries, an army of strong, determined men and women who refuse to make war, who are not afraid to live defenseless, open and vulnerable? Why not an army that believes in the power of life, not death? Can we not have another type of hero than these obedient martyrs who kill and die for country, for honor, for this or that ideology, or for no reason at all? Japan is at a crossroad.

Robert L. Flaugher

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EDITORIALS.

War in Yemen

As the little war in the Arabian Peninsula escalates, the folly on the diplomatic front in Washington deepens. Word from the fighting front is that the conflict between the Saudi-backed North Yemeni regime and the Marxist South Yemenis is heating up, with the Saudis mobilizing their army and anti-Government tribes in North Yemen in revolt. Meanwhile, back in Washington, our cold-war Palladins (Have Armaments, Will Sell) are rushing $100 million worth of anti-tank guns, howitzers and missiles to North Yemen. The State Department says that it will ask Congress to approve an additional $400 million worth over the next few years, including F-5E fighters. Saudi Arabia will, of course, pick up the check.

We are seeing the après-Iran mentality compounding itself. A new shot of the arms race for that troubled area, where the North and South Yemenis have been fighting with desultory enthusiasm for over ten years now, is the last thing it needs. The conflict is much more than a mere border dispute, of course. The two Governments have been negotiating since the early 1970s over the eventual unification of Yemen, but their differences are complex, and entangled with ancient tribal rivalries, renascent Islam and the inflamed emotions of Arab nationalism. The cutting edge is the ideological contest between the two Governments. The Marxism that dominates the sparsely populated, largely urban South Yemen has never made much headway among the mountain tribes of North Yemen, where large feudal landholdings and deeply rooted tribal allegiances are not easily downed. Then there are the Saudis, with only five million people and $45 billion in annual oil revenues. In a country with a growing industrial base, fueled by oil revenues, where no Saudi citizen need ever stoop to menial labor, the Yemenis provide the construction workers, the street sweepers and the servants. More than a million are now in the oil kingdom, and North Yemen's impoverished villagers are fast becoming a

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disenfranchised proletariat. It is these people, not the Marxists holed up in Aden, who pose the long-term "threat" to Saudi security.

Washington seems never to learn that the introduction of ever more sophisticated arms into developing countries does not promote "stability," but, on the contrary, can only raise the level of violence in these local conflicts and exacerbate the traumas of economic development.

Judge Chambers

In his memorandum to the Cabinet, which *The Nation* reproduced two weeks ago, Vice President Mondale noted that filling the 152 new judgeships created by Congress last year "will require significant time and attention." Any hope that local selection commissions would lighten the Administration's burden has been shattered by the recurrent failure of these commissions to heed the President's instructions to come up with names of qualified women and minority candidates—as Dorothy Samuels and James Goodman's "Judge Watch" series has been demonstrating in these pages. The recent disclosure of the list of names for the new North Carolina seat on the Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit further illustrates the point.

An earlier article by Sanford Levinson ("How Not to Pick a Judge," Sept. 23, 1978) detailed the year-long minuet between the Administration and Senator Robert Morgan over the potential nomination of Federal District Judge James B. McMillan for the North Carolina seat left vacant by the death of J. Braxton Craven. The Administration finally capitulated to Morgan's opposition to McMillan, a courageous enforcer of Federal civil rights laws and liberties. In turn, Morgan agreed to the nomination of Dickson Phillips, an able former dean of the University of North Carolina Law School. That article also mentioned that on the commission's list was the name of Julius Chambers of Charlotte, a brilliant black attorney and president of the Legal Defense Fund.

The list of the leading contenders for the current vacancy that the selection commission managed to come up with contained the names of five white males: Judge McMillan, Federal District Judge Hiram Ward of Greensboro, North Carolina Supreme Court Justice James Exum, North Carolina Superior Court Judge Sam Ervin III, and Greensboro attorney McNeil Smith. There was no explanation for the omission of Chambers's name from this list.

One might conjecture that the commission decided that a sitting judge was most desirable, because of the Phillips appointment; but then the endorsement of Smith becomes inexplicable. To be sure, Smith would be a credit to the Federal bench. He is a former State Senator, a member of the moderate liberal wing of the Democratic Party and ran a serious, thoughtful campaign while coming in third in the 1978 Democratic Party primary that chose an opponent for Jesse Helms in the Senate race. Yet Chambers is clearly the better choice, given his path-breaking career as a civil rights attorney over the past fifteen years.

There is nothing to prevent the President from going beyond the list of five and simply naming Chambers. Should he do so, it would be wholly unfortunate to characterize such a sensible decision as "reverse discrimination." The designation of Chambers, who currently teaches a course at the University of Pennsylvania Law School and has taught at the University of Virginia Law School, would not require any lowering of standards in the Fourth Circuit. Certainly the Circuit badly needs a lowering of the color bar. But the selection commission has made it needlessly difficult for the President to do what is manifestly in the public interest.

If the Administration does believe that a sitting judge is required, there is only one choice: Judge McMillan, whom Attorney General Bell wanted to appoint in the first place. For the President to capitulate a second time to Senator Morgan's vindictive opposition would be a disgrace.

Killing Priests

Early on the morning of January 20, National Guard troops in El Salvador ambushed what the harsh military Government of President Humberto Romero called a "subversive center." Father Octavio Ortiz Luna, 35, was killed along with four other young men, one of them only 15 years of age. The youths had apparently gathered in Father Ortiz's parochial house for a weekend of Bible study.

The killings were only the most recent incident in the military regime's brutal campaign against the Roman Catholic Church (see "El Salvador's Rebel Priests" by Bjorn Kumm, *The Nation*, Dec. 30, 1978). Four priests have now been slain by Government forces in less than two years. All four pastors were young, presided over extremely impoverished parishes and had maintained close contact with illegal worker and peasant organizations.

The current struggle in El Salvador is perhaps only the most violent manifestation of the ongoing controversy in Latin America over the church's liberation theology—a doctrine that sharply divided the recent conference of bishops at Puebla, Mexico. El Salvador's leading prelate, Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero, has never hesitated to speak out against the Government. "The conflict is not between the church and the Government, but between the Government and the people," he has said.

But the Archbishop also faces opposition from within the church. In August 1978 four local bishops circulated a document charging that both the Christian Federation of Salvadoran Peasants and the Farm Workers Union were anti-Christian and left-wing organizations. Both unions are sanctioned by the Archbishop. These internecine conflicts are exploited by the Government in hopes of driving a wedge between what one regional councilman calls "Communist and anti-Communist priests." A leaflet recently posted on

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church walls listed the names of priests who were alleged to belong to guerrilla organizations.

It is in this context that the embattled Archbishop deserves international support and protection. Amnesty International and the International Commission of Jurists recently asked El Salvador to account for some ninety-four missing persons—many of them presumably kidnapped and murdered by the notorious Orden, a secret 17,000-member paramilitary organization that has terrorized the countryside for years. An upcoming report by the Organization of American States charges the Government with repression and persecution of the Catholic Church and calls for the dismantlement of Orden. We hope the report marks the beginning of the end of President Humberto Romero's cruel regime.

Ticking Bombs

The fearsome danger to people's health posed by improperly stored chemical wastes was given widespread publicity in the Love Canal case, and caused President Carter to declare the neighborhood in Niagara, N.Y., the first man-made disaster area. But the response from the Environmental Protection Agency thus far has been the emission of bureaucratic smog. Last November, under pressure from the Office of Management and Budget, the E.P.A. produced its first hazardous-sites survey. As a well-documented article by Greg Mitchell in the current issue of *Feature* demonstrates, the report barely scratched the surface. The agency listed 838 sites that "could cause significant imminent hazard to public health" and noted that it had descriptive information on only 103 of these sites. Representative Albert Gore, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations which is looking into the hazardous-waste problem, rightly called the E.P.A.'s numbers game "ludicrous" and "a complete joke." Two of the agency's regional directors did not even contribute to the list, while three others (out of ten) modestly described the figures they did submit as "very rough guesses." Actually, the E.P.A.'s own files contain information suggesting that the number of sites that might pose an imminent hazard to human health was more like 27,000 than 838. In any case, the E.P.A. has a lot of catching up to do.

At Love Canal, people had built homes on land in which the Hooker Chemicals and Plastic Corporation had dumped chemicals twenty-five years ago. Now, other communities are discovering that long-forgotten steel drums of chemical wastes, either underground or at abandoned plants, have leaked pesticides, radioactive materials and a medley of other toxic and carcinogenic substances into the soil and the water table, contaminating food and drinking water. And the problem gets worse. The E.P.A. itself estimates that more than 90 percent of the 85 million tons of hazardous wastes produced annually in the United States are disposed of in unsafe ways.

Meanwhile, the environmental sins of our fathers continue to endanger health. The E.P.A. stands accused of downplaying the known threats and avoiding the discovery of any new ones, lest people wake up to the danger and demand action. Action would be expensive—a matter of billions of dollars by some estimates—and involve treading on the toes of business interests. So the "ticking time bombs" of chemical wastes keep on ticking, while the E.P.A. buries its head in the sand. Congress should increase the E.P.A.'s budget for dealing with this problem, and in turn, the agency should begin by compiling a comprehensive and honest hazardous-sites list.

Sidebars

The late Paul Jacobs, radical, union organizer, investigative journalist and life force, was once asked what business he had been in during the Depression. "Trying to overthrow the Government by force and violence," he answered, "but business was lousy."

Now Jacobs is dead from cancer, which he believed he contracted while covering the places covered by fallout from the atomic tests of the 1950s; but he is still trying to make constructive trouble. Before he died he began work on a film, part of which has found its way into *Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang*, a coolly angry documentary that was shown on educational television and one of whose purposes is to stir up people against the dangers of nuclear radiation.

Much of this week's issue touches on themes important to Jacobs's life. That Robert Sklar, author of *Movie Made America*, gives the film less than a rave is consistent with Jacobs's own incessant-to-the-point-of-rudeness honesty (page 276). Peter Davis, whose own *Hearts and Minds* and *The Selling of the Pentagon* exemplify the potential of the political documentary, uses the occasion to try to answer a question Jacobs often asked—why the gatekeepers of our video-culture, the networks, seem bent on keeping these sorts of documentaries off the air (page 277).

Jacobs the union organizer might have savored Executive Editor Richard Lingeman's account of his last days as a member of the Newspaper Guild at *The New York Times*, mostly because Jacobs, like Lingeman, was suspicious of automation, the new technology and bigness, and had "a deeper longing for small places, for human scale" (page 267).

And Jacobs the investigative reporter would doubtless have spotted the dangers to craft and sources on reading Prof. Thomas I. Emerson's analysis, adapted from testimony before the House Intelligence Committee's subcommittee on legislation, of our latest attempt to muzzle ourselves with an official secrets act, American style (page 263).

It was Paul Jacobs who remarked that the importance of the radical's role in the United States is often exaggerated—especially by ex-radicals. But the importance of dedicated subversives like Jacobs would seem difficult to overvalue.

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

During a break in the proceedings in the hearing room, Gov. Jerry Brown stepped into his by no means ornate Los Angeles office to say hello and to suggest that I might like to sit in on the hearings. After two years of effort, a Mexican-American community group, with the Governor's assistance, had assembled representatives of eleven insurance companies to listen to complaints of unfairness in the way auto liability rates were fixed for residents of East Los Angeles. The insurance executives conceded that the rates were unfair and agreed to reduce them in the near future. The Governor was attentive, informal and candid. As the hearings concluded, he teasingly suggested that a few blacks, Chicanos and women might be useful additions to the insurance company hierarchies. The eleven executives were, of course, all Anglo types, dressed and groomed as if Central Casting had picked them for their roles. Before the hearings adjourned, the Governor commended all parties for getting together informally to settle a long-pending grievance; protracted formal hearings were not necessary in such matters.

Then we went into his office, where, surrounded by some of his notably bright aides, we talked for more than an hour, with interruptions only for two phone calls from "Linda." It was more a seminar than an interview. He did most of the talking; he asked few questions but listened attentively. The historian L.S. Stavrianos once published in *The Nation* a piece on "The Promise of the Coming Dark Age"—the title of a book subsequently published in 1976. Brown is trying to formulate a program that will realize some "promise" from the austere measures that he feels must be taken not merely to curb inflation but to adjust American interests to a changing world. Some of these "promises" might include: a better balanced economy, reduced overseas commitments and spending, a concentration on domestic problems. Currently he groups these items under such headings as: human development, environmental safeguards and technological changes. He supports the constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget, I gathered, in the belief that it will force Congress to recognize new social, economic and international realities.

Self-centered, ambitious—I have no doubt that he will seek the Democratic nomination—the Governor, like most successful politicians, is opportunistic. Recently he told a gathering of teen-agers about his "canoe theory" of politics: "you paddle a little on the left side, then you paddle on the right side and you keep going right down the middle. Straight ahead." But he is disaffected—with Establishment thinking, with obsolete "liberal" rhetoric, with much of the conventional wisdom. He is also disaffected with aspects of modern-day society and the way it functions—the waste, the compulsive consumption, the failure to sort out priorities. But he has no illusions about the difficulties of negotiating "the big bend" in the stream that he feels we are approaching. I also sensed that he has genuine underdog sympathies which reflect his disaffection with things as they are.

He frankly concedes that he has not yet put together all aspects of the program he will project; he wants ideas and welcomes suggestions. In fact he listens to everyone; deals with one major issue at a time, and is aware that the newspapers, radio and television, not the clubhouse or the smoke-filled room, are where politics happen at the moment. And of course he is an adroit media performer. He is somewhat annoyed that elements in the Eastern media—certain columnists in particular—fail to read him as he wants to be read. With him, the labels should be put aside: he is perhaps the first politician of the post-Vietnam, post-Watergate generation to achieve national prominence, and he skillfully intuits how this generation feels, how it reacts, what it is thinking. It would be a mistake to think of him as right-wing or conservative; he is a post-Keynesian "liberal," more in the mode of F.D.R. than of Truman, Kennedy, Johnson or Carter.

It is important to remember that Brown is a Californian who understands California; indeed his reading of the national scene may be too much influenced by his California experience. California *is* exceptional. Currently it is booming. On a recent visit to Japan, the Governor was told that the Japanese regard the state as the "locomotive" of the American economy. They are convinced that the long-heralded "vision"—a word the Governor dislikes—of the Pacific Basin as the great theater of the world's future is about to be realized. Through close study and planning, Japanese auto makers are commanding a steadily higher percentage of foreign-car sales in California, and in other areas as well they pay close attention to the special tastes and preferences of its citizens.

Jerry Brown entertains sparingly, serving sandwiches in a rented hall when the Prince of Wales paid him a visit. He reads a lot; he is indefatigable; he makes excellent appointments; he has few social diversions. The problem he faces is this: how large is the special constituency—it does not divide along party lines—to which he has the greatest appeal? A volatile insurgency, it can change; but at the moment it admires, it "digs" the Governor.

After more than an hour of talk, I felt it was time that he should leave to meet "Linda" as he had been promising to do, and so I left. The Governor is slighter and not as tall as I had remembered him, tense, articulate, interested in ideas, eager for dialogue. An exceptional politician, he could only have emerged to national prominence in California. □

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ARTICLES.

THE PUBLIC'S RIGHT TO KNOW

Why We Don't Need an Official Secrets Act

THOMAS I. EMERSON

The House Intelligence Committee's subcommittee on legislation is now debating new laws that would limit the disclosure of "national security information." Proposals under consideration by the subcommittee include tightening the present espionage laws, making it a criminal offense for a government employee to disclose classified information, and even an official secrets act. It is likely that Congress will enact new legislation in this session; it is not likely to be good legislation.

We must measure any such legislation by the standards of the First Amendment, and in order to determine what national security information the state can legitimately control we should first survey the boundaries of espionage. Although it involves conduct that resembles speech, espionage has never been covered by the First Amendment. The main reason for this is that espionage is not a part of the public discussion that precedes decision making. Moreover, it has its inception outside our national boundaries; its purpose is conceived in a society other than our own.

Espionage is a secret transaction between one closed system and another, rather than the dissemination of information to the public. The information is of substantial importance and relates to defense against foreign attack. In other words, it comprises limited categories of legitimately classified information. The information must be conveyed to a foreign power, or its agent, and, crucially important, the government must prove that the person who communicated the information did so with the primary intent that it be used by a foreign power to injure our national defense. If the communication is intended to serve a general First Amendment purpose, but also happens to benefit a foreign power, it does not constitute espionage.

This conception of espionage is pretty much what is embodied in existing law, at least as it has been applied up to now. It has served us adequately in the past for protection against espionage activities directed at us from abroad. And it does not impair any First Amendment rights.

There is another kind of information that must concern us—information that the government wants to keep secret but that has come into the public domain. By this I refer to national security information that is disseminated with the aim of persuading others, promoting public discussion, facilitating public decision making and enhancing citizen participation in government. It may even include the obtaining of information for personal enlightenment or publication for personal self-fulfillment.

At any one time, an enormous amount of such national security information is in circulation. It emanates from background briefings, leaks by high officials, leaks by low officials, investigative reporting, discovery in judicial proceedings, memoirs and so on. It ranges from personal gossip to the Pentagon Papers. Some of it has been improperly, though legally, classified; some has been properly classified; some has not been classified but has been withheld.

Information of this kind is part of the lifeblood of the democratic process. As we all know, information is power. National security information relates to almost every aspect of our national existence. There is an irresistible urge on the part of every government to keep this information within the confines of its own bureaucracy. Yet without access to it we would be living in a virtual dictatorship. A sweeping ban on the publication of such information would foreclose any real public discussion of national security issues. It would hamstring the press and destroy the whole system of free expression. Congress has steadfastly refused to adopt any such measures in the past. Even if Congress were now to change its mind, such legislation, as the Pentagon Papers case makes clear, would certainly violate the First Amendment. Certainly a prohibition of the publication of information that would cause "a grave and irreparable injury to national security" is unconstitutionally vague. Neither the press nor the ordinary citizen could know in advance how to comply with such a standard. Prosecutors, judges and juries would be equally uncertain. Such a formulation would place a drastic chill upon free speech.

What of the narrower and more specific limitations that have been proposed, such as cryptographic techniques, military movements or blueprints of weapons systems? Exceptions of this nature are less dangerous, but even they are too uncertain in the application. For example, a blanket prohibition on publication of troop movements would jeopardize the public's right to know about such events as the invasion of the Bay of Pigs, Laos or Cambodia. Moreover, the constitutional requirements of a fair trial would necessitate the exposure of much sensitive material in criminal prosecutions. In camera proceedings might be authorized, but they smack of a police state; in any event, defense lawyers must participate and there must be a right of appeal. And I do not see any way of preventing "graymail" except by procedures unacceptable in a democratic state.

Finally, we should not automatically assume that

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the press of this country is irresponsible in national security matters. It has not been up to now. Indeed the press is more to be criticized for refusing to print national security information, such as the events leading up to the Bay of Pigs or the saga of the *Glomar Explorer*, than for publishing such information.

In short, publication of national defense information that has come into the public domain and that serves First Amendment functions should be unfettered. What restrictions are permissible to keep national security information from entering the public domain? As far as persons outside the government are concerned, permissible restrictions are those applicable to any form of newsgathering, from whatever source. Legitimate prohibitions would include burglary, wiretapping, use of physical force, bribery and the like. To limit newsgathering beyond this point, or to punish retention of information, would be an indirect way of prohibiting publication.

The problems involved in limiting leaks of national security information by government employees, employees of government contractors and former employees—are much more complex. Clearly the government is entitled to punish employees who violate legitimate rules and regulations regarding information it has a right to keep secret and to assure that the information is available within the government only to those who have a need to know it. Such rules may be enforced by administrative sanctions, ranging from reprimand to dismissal. But what of criminal sanctions, when information has been leaked to outsiders in the exercise of First Amendment rights? With narrow exceptions, the law does not now provide for criminal sanctions in this situation. There are a number of strong reasons for sticking to this policy.

In the first place, the amount of information that slips through the government's fingers is so enormous, the system of leaks so pervasive and the possibility of stemming the tide so out of reach, that criminal laws dealing with the problem would be unworkable. Prosecutions would be highly selective, unfair and subject to serious abuse. Limitation of the criminal sanction to classified information would be no solution. The classification system always has and always will be greatly overused and abused.

Second, if criminal sanctions were seriously enforced, the public's information about government operations would be drastically curtailed. Government employees would be especially vulnerable to criminal prosecution because the courts have refused to recognize a reporter's right to protect his sources and hence the supplier of the information could easily be traced. Sources of information about important policies would dry up. Incompetence, arbitrariness and corruption would remain hidden from the light of day. Antiquated policies and procedures would be perpetuated. "Whistle blowing" would cease. It is not too much to say that a tight system of secrecy enforced by criminal prosecutions would jeopardize the very existence of an open society.

Third, the press, scholars and others discussing national security issues would inevitably be implicated in criminal investigations conducted by the F.B.I. or other counterintelligence agencies. Reporters would constantly be called upon or subpoenaed to produce documents or notes of interviews, to answer questions as to their sources of information and methods of operation, to appear before grand juries and to render account otherwise to investigating officials. As noted above, reporter's privilege would protect neither from investigation nor, in most instances, from producing confidential material or revealing confidential sources. Furthermore, the impact would not stop there. News reporters, scholars and even editors would be subject to prosecution themselves under laws of conspiracy, attempt, solicitation and accessory to a crime.

Fourth, there has been no evidence that administrative security measures have been inadequate to preserve valid government secrecy. The sanction of discipline or dismissal is a potent one for any bureaucrat.

If criminal sanctions are permitted, they should be applied only to the disclosure of certain narrow and specific types of classified information. These categories should not extend beyond such matters as cryptographic techniques, technical details of weapons, technical details of military operations, military contingency plans and the like. The defense that the information was improperly classified at the time of the offense should be allowed. And an overall defense of justification, which would permit the accused to plead mitigating circumstances, should be provided.

A related question: The practice of requiring employees, particularly in the intelligence agencies, to sign agreements not to disclose information obtained during the course of employment without prior approval of the agency, has been spreading. This contract arrangement is primarily a device to control the disclosure of information by former employees; during the period of employment other methods of control are available. One such C.I.A. contract was upheld by the Court of Appeals in the *Marchetti* case,

Coming Up. . .

Next week *The Nation* will present a symposium on bilingualism, with special reference to our fastest-growing minority: Spanish-speaking Americans. There will be contributions from Sanford Levinson, Carey McWilliams, Benjamin DeMott and Neil Postman. To be "American" has long meant to speak English, but the growing Spanish subculture in the United States has thrown the linguistic melting-pot theory into question. . . . Also, Owen Lattimore brings to bear his Far Eastern erudition to put the Sino-Vietnamese war into historical perspective.

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which the Supreme Court declined to review.

The contract device is potentially a far-reaching method of blacking out crucial information about the operations of government agencies. Former employees are frequently the only source of important knowledge. Often they are the only persons in a position to reveal information about the inner recesses of a bureaucracy. The contract method could be used to reduce information from this source to a trickle.

In examining this problem it is important to recognize that the issue should not be viewed as a simple matter of private contract law. Just as classified information cannot be considered "property" in the normal sense, so these nondisclosure agreements are not really "contracts." They are laws enacted by government, imposed upon government employees and ex-mployees, that deeply affect the whole system of reedom of expression. They must be viewed in First mendment terms, not private contract terms.

In this light, any extensive use or enforcement of the contract device is clearly contrary to sound public policy, a violation of the right of a citizen to communicate with fellow citizens, and an infringement upon the public's right to know. The only question is what narrow limits should be placed upon such contracts.

The problem is a difficult one. It is true that a person who obtains information from a position inside government should be less free to publish that information than a person who obtains it from a position outside the government. The ex-employee is in a sort of middle position. The obligation of such a person to abide by the rules of the organization still exists, but not to the same degree or intensity as before. And the needs of the public to have access to information otherwise unobtainable are stronger.

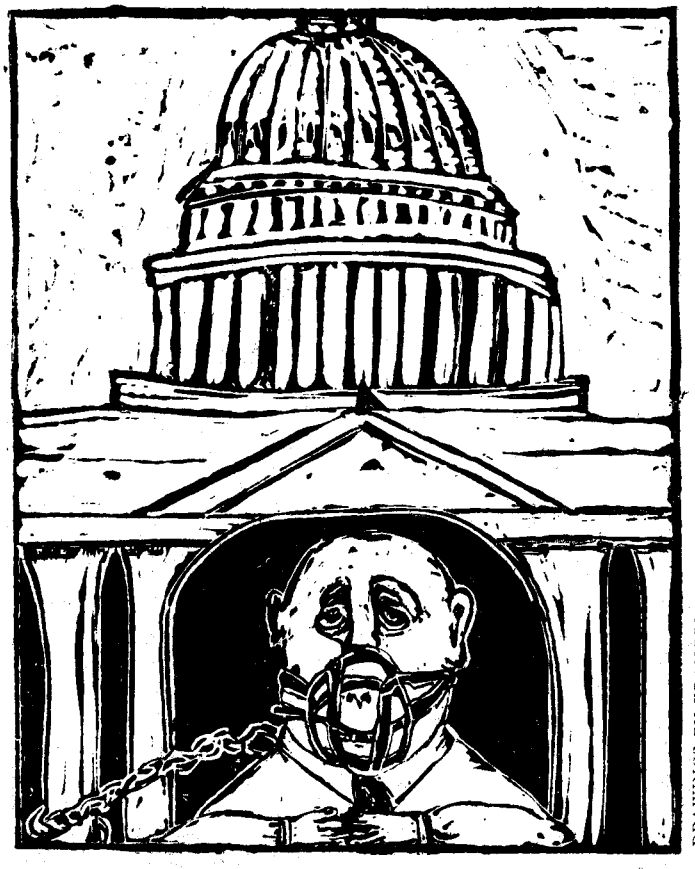
Thus some intermediate position would best accommodate the competing interests. First Amendment considerations certainly demand that, as a general proposition, former government employees be free to communicate information. Still, some exceptions to the general rule appear justified. Contracts not to divulge information after leaving the government might be acceptable if confined to a narrow range of properly classified materials, with a justification defense allowed. In addition, authority to demand such contracts should be limited to a small number of agencies that deal with the most sensitive national security information.

One further issue remains to be considered. Should restrictions on the dissemination of national security information ever be enforced through injunction against publication or similar forms of prior restraint? The issue has arisen in the Pentagon Papers case, in the *Marchetti* case, and in other connections.

It is widely recognized that prior restraint is the most drastic, the most readily applied, and the most easily abused of all sanctions. It constitutes government censorship in raw form. As Chief Justice Warren Burger stated in his opinion for the Court in the *Nebraska Press Association* case, "The thread running through all these cases is that prior restraints on speech and publication are the most serious and least tolerable infringement upon First Amendment rights."

The objections to the use of prior restraint apply with even greater force in national security information cases. The very subject of national security stirs deep emotions, the effects of the publication are highly speculative, and the dangers to the nation are likely to be grossly exaggerated. In addition, prior restraint puts the person seeking to exercise First Amendment rights largely at the mercy of the government authorities, however wrong they may be. The violation of an injunction is punishable as contempt of court even if the court's order was unconstitutional, or otherwise invalid. And the government agency is put in the position of the traditional censor—as was the C.I.A in the *Marchetti* case—cutting, pasting and blacking out words, sentences, paragraphs and pages. Such censorship is often futile in the end. The secret is likely to leak out in some form, either by publication abroad or through other channels. It can only be permanently suppressed by police-state methods. The Supreme Court has not held that prior restraint can never be invoked to curtail freedom of expression, but Congress is not required to legislate an exception, and should not do so.

Dissemination of national security information is an important feature of our system of freedom of expression. It is entitled to protection under the First Amendment. Only where the First Amendment does not reach, or where the government adopts security



DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

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measures narrowly designed to prevent legitimate state secrets from reaching the public, can or should the government impose restrictions upon the dissemination of national security information.

Throughout our history we have adhered in most respects to these fundamental principles. They have served us well. There is no showing that they have placed us in any danger. On the contrary, failure to follow them would be far more harmful to national security. In revising our legislation at this time we should continue to accept them as our basic guide. □

NICARAGUAN TINDERBOX

Arms Race in Central America

CYNTHIA ARNSON

The attempt to mediate a peaceful solution to the upheaval in Nicaragua has fallen apart. When Gen. Anastasio Somoza Debayle rejected a final plan for an internationally sponsored plebiscite, the United States stopped just short of breaking diplomatic relations: it withdrew its four-member military mission and most embassy personnel, canceled some economic aid projects and froze more than $800,000 worth of military-equipment still "in the pipeline."

But the diplomatic failure, as American officials have feared for months, only increases the likelihood that contending forces—Somoza and his National Guard, and the Sandinista guerrillas—will meet again on the battlefield. Both sides have been rearming, and this time military power has risen to a more dangerous level, both within Nicaragua and in Central America.

The Sandinistas, whose numbers have increased since last September's fighting, have enjoyed the open support of Costa Rica, Panama and Venezuela, and have used these months to win international backing, train their cadre and acquire weapons. Yet the Nicaraguan dictator, resting snug in his bunker, has also been amply rearmed, by Israel, Nicaragua's most important new mainstay. After summer deliveries of rifles, ammunition and armed patrol boats, Israel restocked the Guard in mid-November 1978. Reporters in Managua got United States Embassy confirmation that unmarked Israeli planes delivered arms and ammunition after the evening curfew. But sources in Washington, citing Taiwan, Argentina, Chile and Brazil, point out that there is no limit of small arms suppliers for the Nicaraguan regime.

Although the outcome of a new Nicaraguan upheaval is hard to predict, it is safe to say that all of Central America will feel the aftershocks. The Sandinista's struggle will encourage other rebel movements, especially in Guatemala and El Salvador, and Somoza's Nicaragua has long had both formal and informal military ties with other right-wing republics in the region—Honduras, El Salvador and Guatemala. Sandinistas have already alleged that troops from these countries have crossed into Nicaragua to fight alongside the Guard, perhaps not recognizing that Somoza has long recruited other Central Americans to serve in his army. But the coordination of Central American armed forces has been a goal of the United States military planners since the 1960s.

To this end, the Central American Defense Council (CONDECA) was established in 1964 to insure "collective safety . . . in case of an eventual Communist agression." Counterinsurgency was high on its agenda. With American guidance, especially through the United States' Army Southern Command, CONDECA achieved limited success in standardizing the region's equipment and training, preparing to mount a joint operation and integrating the commands of Central American armed forces. Although Panama and Costa Rica joined CONDECA as junior partners, the founding fathers—El Salvador, Nicaragua, Guatemala and Honduras—kept the alliance's counter-revolutionary mission paramount.

These countries received the bulk of United States military aid to the region. By the mid-1970s, Central America accounted for 30 percent of American aid for military education in Latin America, proportionately outstripping its huge southern neighbors, Brazil, Chile, Argentina and Peru. Arms sales were relatively modest, consisting primarily of transfers of surplus stocks, light trainers and small arms. But the eleven Vietnam War-vintage A-37 counterinsurgency planes sold to Guatemala constituted that country's sole modern combat jets.

When the Sandinista guerrillas gained an apparent victory in early September, they voiced fears that CONDECA would follow its counterinsurgency bent and crush the uprising once and for all. But CONDECA has no troops of its own, and United States officials hold a dim view of the organization's effectiveness. The United States no longer has a formal liaison or assistance relationship with the Central American body. They knew that because of the regional rivalries that have wracked Central America in recent years, CONDECA had been reduced to performing bureaucratic functions.

In 1969, for example, tensions between El Salvador and Honduras erupted into war, and Honduras peremptorily withdrew from CONDECA. Panama and Guatemala quarreled over Belize's independence, and only this summer restored full diplomatic relations. But perhaps most significant, CONDECA's members are split for and against Somoza. Costa Rica and Panama back the Sandinistas, while El Salvador, Honduras and Guatemala fear Somoza's collapse. The two sides moved closer to stasis when a far superior regional military power—Venezuela—en-

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tered the picture in mid-September. After Nicaraguan forces bombed and shelled Costa Rican territory in ostensibly hot pursuit of Sandinista guerrillas, Venezuela dispatched a squadron of warplanes to the poorly equipped Costa Rican civil guard. Panama, too, was reportedly massing its troops to retaliate on Costa Rica's behalf.

But in spite of the squabbling, there is a tight Central American old-boy network made up of dictators who owe their political lives to fellow dictators. In 1972, some think, Nicaraguan and Guatemalan air support was instrumental in enabling a right-wing Government in El Salvador to crush an attempted coup.

But local military strongmen are not the only ones with a stake in the action, should the Nicaraguan civil war flare up again. Arms sales from outside powers will also fuel the violence. Although El Salvador and Guatemala rejected American military aid last year after the Carter Administration criticized their human rights records, the United States' historical role in the region is not easily obliterated. And even with the United States' recently lowered profile in Central America, sales by the Israeli arms industry have significantly altered the military balance.

The burgeoning Israeli arms industry (exports have multiplied five-fold since the 1973 war) has found ready customers among Central America's military dictators. In addition to small arms—the Uzi submachine gun and the Galil assault rifle—the most popular item has been the Arava, a short-takeoff-and-landing transport aircraft, described in an Israeli Aircraft Industries promotional brochure as "the rugged, low-cost, multi-mission, heavy-duty STOL transport . . . for troops, cargo." The Guatemalans have equipped their ten Aravas with forward-firing machine guns and underwing carriers for gunships, and have mobilized the aircraft, according to a British intelligence newsletter, "for possible use in the conflict with Belize." In the past four years, Israel has also delivered at least two Aravas to Nicaragua, three to Honduras and five to El Salvador.

Israeli sales have heated up the long-simmering tension between El Salvador and Honduras into a small arms race. In 1975, Israeli hand-me-downs of outmoded French equipment enabled the El Salvadoran Air Force to upgrade substantially its World War II-vintage arsenal. The sale of eighteen refurbished Dassault Ouragan fighter-bombers (based on 1949 designs) from Israeli stocks, as well as six Aerospatiale Fouga Magister trainers overhauled by Israeli Aircraft Industries, gave El Salvador one of the region's most "advanced" combat squadrons.

Not to be upstaged, Honduras negotiated with Israel in 1977 to buy Central America's first supersonic bombers, twelve Dassault Super-Mystere fighter-interceptors. The Honduran Air Force also had been flying obsolete World War II equipment. The transaction created a fuss in Washington, but not because of its implications for the area's militarization. State Department officials charged that because the French planes had been refitted with American Pratt and Whitney engines, the Israeli sale to Honduras violated laws banning "third-country transfers" of American military equipment. Rather than press the issue, however, Secretary of State Kissinger accepted Israeli assurances that there had simply been "an honest misunderstanding."

When questioned this time around about Israel's rearming of Somoza after the September uprisings, a State Department official explained this country's tolerance for the Israeli sales. "If Somoza goes," he said, "we would prefer to see him go peacefully. We would not like to see him toppled in an armed revolt." Having brought Central American armies to a peak of readiness—training, equipping, coordinating, indoctrinating them for decades—the United States can now comfortably watch from the sidelines.

Thus, should the Sandinistas launch their long-promised offensive, or the peasant, trade union and student movements in El Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras begin to pose serious challenges to existing Governments, the right-wing military regimes will be able to respond with ever more sophisticated levels of violence. The militarization of Central America is by no means irreversible, though. The United States could stop it by taking its human rights policy seriously and calling upon its allies to follow suit. □

STRIKING THE TIMES

Fear and Automation on West 43rd St.

RICHARD LINGEMAN

> "Once again, the only union whose members will still have a function to perform when the computer and its electronic brethren complete their conquest of the journalistic scene learned that it ranks at the bottom in esteem with both management and the printing crafts."
> —*A.H. Raskin*, The New Yorker, *Jan. 29, 1979*

A. H. Raskin's masterly piece on the 1978 New York newspaper strike brought it all back to me—the anger, the anxiety, the playing-hooky freedom and the simultaneous sense of drifting like a vagrantly blown leaf. . . .

Despite all the premonitory rumblings, it still came suddenly. There had been a premature run on the pay window late Tuesday afternoon, August 8—normally employees pick up their checks on Wednesdays—after rumors crackled through *The New York Times* building on West 43rd Street that the strike was imminent. The reporters in the news room on the 3rd

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floor had already cleaned out their desks, in response to an earlier wave of rumors. Reporters are in the business of being the first to be informed—or misinformed, as the case may be. Up on the 8th floor, the cantonment of the Sunday empire, we in the Book Review were more insulated, and therefore more sluggish in response. The next evening, however, with devastating suddenness, the publishers posted the work rules on pressroom manning in time to turn away the 7 P.M. shift of pressmen, and the strike was on.

The Book Review is a stable shop, and many people there had endured the long 1966 strike. Their memories—of escalating bills, mortgage and car payments teetering on the brink of default, odd jobs in flower shops and typing pools and shipping rooms—were not happy ones. In my nine years as an editor at the Book Review I had been through several contract renewals, but never a strike. There was the printers' slowdown of 1974, with its marathon chapel meetings, when the entire paper seemed to be set on the linotype machines at odd five-minute intervals. There were also memories of the backlash in the business press after another settlement which had, in the Wall Street view, given the workers excessive pay raises; as a result of this and a low profit margin, the price of *Times* stocks had fallen into the single figures. History, as Abe Raskin takes full account in his article, hung over this strike like a pall of smoke over a battlefield. Even though by 1978 *The Times* had become a powerful communications conglomerate, with the highest profits in its history in the last quarter, management seemed geared up to avoid a fiscal Bataan.

The economy screws were also being tightened, in varying ways, upon my own union, the Newspaper Guild. A hiring freeze had more or less been in place for years; at the Book Review our complement had shrunk to seventeen editors, clerical and production people. Nor was attrition the only pressure. A key management demand was givebacks of various pension, health, vacation and welfare provisions written into contracts over the years.

We in the Book Review mostly absorbed this news through periodic bulletins issued by our Guild negotiating committee. The negotiations had started early this time, well before the April 30 contract expiration date, but reading these progress reports over the months, one could discern little progress. At first, I had a sense of *deja vu*, remembering how previous negotiations had dragged on for a year or longer (indeed our 1975 contract had not been formally signed until late 1977). The common belief was that management took the money it knew it was going to have to pay out in wage raises, more or less, and invested it in Treasury bills and short-term notes, stalled along while the money earned interest and finally paid off part of the pay raise retroactively in a lump sum. This year the union had drawn up its usual lengthy shopping list of dozens and dozens of demands, calling for everything from one-year sabbaticals to enhanced mileage and per diem allotments. That, too, was *de rigueur*, and no one expected many of them to be approved; a questionnaire revealed that, as usual, money and job security were the main concerns with the membership.

Indeed, the increasingly gloomy tone of the negotiating committee's communiques from the front suggested that it would be sorely tried merely to hold on to benefits already won, in view of management's adamant demands for givebacks. Moreover, in negotiations at *The Daily News*, management had unveiled a scheme whereby about half the total pay increase would be distributed on "merit" (or some such word) to "worthy" employees, with the rest divvied up as a percentage increase pegged to one's job-level, as was the usual practice. Coupled with a new policy of urging Guild members to resign—which produced about 150 resignations at *The Times*—the real motive behind the new meritocracy became clear: the worthiest, most meritorious employees would originate in the group that had resigned from the Guild. Or so it seemed to some of us on the 8th floor. (It is perhaps instructive to note that two major promotions that drew comment after the strike—editor of the travel section and *The Times*'s first woman sports editor—were taken from the ranks of people who had worked during the strike.) The union fulminated about the resignations—there was a real question as to whether they were legal, coming as they did practically on the eve of the strike—and published a "shame list" of their names. None of us bookish types on the 8th floor resigned, however, or considered doing so, as far as I know; there was certainly no talk about it, and there was resentment of those who did. The prevailing attitude was that nonunion people were free riders.

The Guild's issues were soon submerged in the wash of the great struggle between the pressmen and the publishers. This became a backs-to-the-wall affair: history again, for the pressmen had vivid knowledge of the manner in which their brethren at *The Washington Post* had become extinct. Raskin speaks of pressman president William Kennedy's "paranoia" (he kept a voluminous file on *The Post* strike, for example). The fate of *The Post*'s Guild unit, which had broken picket lines after the pressmen sabotaged equipment, was not lost on us; this same *Post* Guild unit was now working without a contract or a raise, and was said to be in a sickly state. "It's the pressmen this time," a young woman on the negotiating committee said at a Guild meeting, "but we'll be next."

Another factor, less tangible, even more remote: the Book Review had been automated, which is to say we now sat daily at our keyboards and stared at the glowing green screens of video display terminals, editing and writing stories. We were not Luddites; nearly everybody adjusted after a horrendous initial shakedown period when the air was rent by the muttered "damns" and "shits" of people cursing unfamiliar, dumbly stubborn machines. Automation, once you got used to it, was preferable to those hours in the dirty composing room, correcting and recorrecting galleys.

Yet the machines took something away, too: a sense

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of contact with typewriter and paper and proofs that are, or were, the tactile products of the reporter's and editor's craft. Paradoxically, while making us the direct setters of the type, the machines, by their complexity, detached us from the columns of words on page that were once the end product of a chain of human labors. It is easy to overstress this; in the modern world one must live at various levels of modernization simultaneously—and the machines were an improvement. But there they were, costing several hundreds of thousands of dollars, representing fixed capital investment; and there we were, the operators, representing labor—a cost, and a cost that was a prime target for cutting. Still, automation was a by-issue at the Book Review. Human brains were, after all, commanding the electric impulses that flashed those words on the screen, or sent them off into the electronic void. Brains and creativity could not be automated.

They could, however, be made redundant. *The Times* could have gotten out the paper without us, if the drivers' union had agreed to deliver the papers. As Raskin wrote:

> No robots can ever displace the creativity of the reporters and editors represented by the Guild, yet their contribution becomes a marginal consideration when a struck daily can count on hundreds of thousands of words flowing in from news services, columnists, and many of its own writers in the home office and in foreign and domestic bureaus.

The question of what sort of *New York Times* this would be aside, the Damoclean threat was real; we were all theoretically redundant, and the A.P. and the U.P.I. and Gannett and Newhouse shall inherit the kingdom and the power. More, there were thousands of hungry journalism-school graduates out there. When the son of a friend of mine was hired as a copy editor on Rupert Murdoch's *Post*, while still in college and without any experience, I sensed ("paranoia" again) the wave of the future: low-budget, non-union reportorial labor, plus a few journalistic "stars" and deep-thinkers drawing large salaries, plus a lean and tough staff of editors defying coronaries to get the paper out. One felt a little like a lump of cellulite on an overweight woman's thigh: unwanted and superfluous and vulnerable to a management economy diet.

Perhaps the analogy is overdrawn in my case, and the case of most of us at the Book Review up on the 8th floor; we were talented people, our work was liked, we were doing the job, etc. And why did we need a union anyhow? A number of management, advertising and professional people constantly asked me this question at parties; the New York way is to hustle one's talents, and here we were accepting the same raises that everyone else got with each new contract, going out on strike when our leaders ordered, like coal miners or Mexican lettuce pickers. One could only reply politely that we needed a union because we had one, because we had a right to have a union, because as management had made clear in 1978, they were "they" and we were "we."

Anger was at the bottom of it; I remember my anger the most. For I was angry during the strike. Not in the sense of violence on the picket line; *The Times* Guild was spared that boring duty. The period of the strike was even one of blessed freedom for me, enabling me to finish a long-overdue book. So why did I hang on every report on the news-radio stations, daily, sometimes hourly? Why did I care so much, my dwindling savings aside? Because I was angry—first of all, at the publishers for provoking the strike by playing destroy-the-union games, though they strenuously deny this, and docking us all eighty-eight days' pay, in order to win a settlement that might save them $6 million annually by 1984, if they are lucky, and that cost them—*The Times*, I mean—$15 million, after taxes, in lost advertising revenues.

But—don't expect this to be pretty—we were mad, too, at the men down in the bowels of the ship—the pressmen. We had seen their new cars parked near the picket lines and read about their $30,000-plus salaries. As a Guild member asked at one of our meetings, "Are we striking so the pressmen can featherbed?" Or as a woman supervisor asked in behalf of her "girls," "They want to know what are we going to get out of this, for all our sacrifice?"

On the strike's very last day, we learned the

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answer. Very little. The limping denouement was an angry, noisy meeting at the Biltmore Hotel, in the waning minutes of the strike on November 5, called hastily by the Guild leadership for the purpose of ratifying the "agreement" that had been cobbled together that day. Our leadership had thrown up a picket line the previous night, only to learn that the Allied Printing Trades Council would not honor it—indeed considered our unsettled demands frivolous (Raskin mentions that some union leaders' eyes lighted on one demand that had inadvertently remained from the original shopping list—a demand that homosexuals not be discriminated against; this was taken to epitomize our frivolousness).

The union leadership faced an angry membership. They confessed that the most they had got beside the pay raise every union was getting was the recision of the giveback demands and a replenishment of the union health and welfare fund by management (health insurance benefits had been peremptorily cut off early in the strike; the union had taken over the payments). We had supported the pressmen out of solidarity and self-interest—to insure their support when our turn to strike came—and now they brushed us aside. Never again, many vowed, would we support "the crafts." Blame was heaped upon the Guild leadership, and there were boos for Harry Fisdell, the executive vice president. Theodore Kheel, the hero of the strike, who had brought management and the pressmen to terms, appeared like a sleepwalker and made an irrelevant speech as though he found himself at the wrong banquet. It brought derisive laughter from the members, who knew that instead of a settlement, we had been Kheel-hauled.

Yet for all the bitterness and the wrangles at the end, one remembers now the good things. Going to the union hall every Wednesday to pick up one's $65 weekly strike pay and the ritual colloquy: "How's it going?" "I'm surviving." And the sense of solidarity we had—perhaps not universal, but it was there, if only in the London-blitz sense of shared hard times. And watching nice women become outraged at scabs, and through all the rhetoric from our negotiating committee and the fiery arguments, hearing the then unit chairperson, Don Barker, say in his flat, earnest, open tones, "Thank you, brother. Let the brother over there talk," or "Let's hear the s[illegible]er talk." For all its bitterness, its ambiguous goals, its soured hopes and tarnished achievements, the strike did give us moments of brotherhood and sisterhood in a cause—only a shred, perhaps, but what there was served as a necessary affirmation of our humanity.

As for the future, the bitterness engendered within the Guild against "the crafts," because of the latters' abandonment of us at the end, will surely be added to that coral reef of labor-relations history, which grows by accretion at each contract-renewal time. History is the invisible but not so silent third party at every bargaining table, but even more so in the newspaper industry in which nearly every union, except the Guild, has its ancestor clause. The Guild has voted in new, more militant leadership, but any future militanc will still be tempered by the realization that witho the crafts—and especially the drivers—the Guild helpless.

When the members of the Book Review staff r turned to work on the Monday morning of November after our Sunday-night Golgotha, we were greete with a welcoming drink by the editor; simila embraces—often literal—took place throughout th building as management apparently sent forth th word to welcome back the errant sheep, despite A thur O. (Punch) Sulzberger's message to those wh had worked throughout the strike: "I should like t tell you how much I admire and respect you, who in deed are *The New York Times*." A few of us neve came back; and some of us, myself included, left sub sequently. For myself, the move was not out of bitte ness but because of the opportunity that opened u here at *The Nation*, and a deeper longing for sma places, for human scale, for a product on which m own chisel-marks were visible. Someone who'd hear of my decision to move asked me if it "was because c the strike." Such a welter of thoughts and emotion rose up in me that I was able only to stammer som incoherencies in reply. The strike had, of course nothing to do with my leaving—and everything to d with it.

SOUTH OF CALHOUN

An Inner-City Education in Charleston

MAURICE COHEN

Charleston

You can explain readily enough that there is more to an old Southern city like Charleston S.C., than its famed charm and beauty. Bu if you are talking casually to another white person, how do you explain why you and your wife pu your four children into an "all-black, inner-city" school system three years ago and have kept them there ever since?

Of course, the school system in the city of Charleston is not exactly all-black or inner-city. The high school attended by my 17-year-old daughter and 15-year-old son is not all-black, for there are two other white girls and two other white boys. The middle school our 11-year-old attends is not all-black either she is the only white child, but there is a white teacher. And everybody in Charleston knows that Memminger Elementary School, the model school

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that 8-year-old Sarah attends, is integrated, about 80 percent to 20 percent. No—not 80 percent white and 20 percent black, but the other way around. That's the way we count in peninsular Charleston.

As for the other public schools in peninsular Charleston, many of the student bodies are all-black. There is not a single white student in Burke High School or C.A. Brown High School or three of the other elementary schools. In two other schools with a total population of 1,200 children, there are three white children. There are, however, plenty of white children in the private schools. A lot of cars and buses are needed to carry those youngsters to and from their scholarly retreats.

My reservations about the inner-city designation are more straightforward. Unless one simply equates black neighborhoods with inner city, Charleston does not have a major inner-city problem. We're working on it, though. Give the speculators and "developers" a little more time to retake stable black neighborhoods and eject poorer black families from "run-down areas."

If, as a former New Yorker, I find it hard to think of peninsular Charleston as an inner city, I do think constantly of two Charlestons, black Charleston and white Charleston. South of Calhoun Street—could the border have a more appropriate name than that of the proposer of nullification?—Charleston is predominantly white. In fact, it gets whiter and whiter until you come to another border, Broad Street. "Below Broad" is where the beautiful people of Charleston live in the beautiful houses the tourists love to see. Despite its tourist-luring imagery, time stands still in Charleston only for those who don't know or don't choose to know what is happening day by day. Pressure is building up to expand the white enclaves in black Charleston; blacks are moving out or being moved out of white Charleston.

In the summer of 1974, when I knew we would be moving to Charleston, I began making inquiries about the schools. A white District Superintendent tried to be helpful. "Look," he said to me, "you're Jewish. You're a professional person and your children are probably bright. Let me give you the name of the Jewish school up the street." We enrolled the children into two Charleston public schools in the fall of 1975. Rachel, then almost 14, entered Charleston High School. William, 12, Lottie, 8, and Sarah, 5, went into the Memminger Elementary School. Originally, I had been told that Charleston High School was one-third white. When Rachel entered a year later, the figure was 10 percent. This year, as we prepare to celebrate the first quarter-century of *Brown* v. *The Board of Education*, the ratio is 1 percent white to 99 percent black.

As though we didn't have enough to occupy ourselves with in the family, a crisis occurred during each of the first two years. In the fall of 1975, the county school board announced that it was going to sell Charleston High to the Medical University of South Carolina, a worthy institution in its own right, but an urban octopus. What about the young people in Charleston High School?

There is a fine old high school building some blocks south of Calhoun Street, just below Broad Street, in fact, known as the old Murray Vocational School. But it was rumored that people in the neighborhood had said they would destroy the high school if it was relocated there. So, it was proposed that the Charleston High School students be placed in the Memminger Elementary School building. The elementary schoolchildren? Easy. They would walk another half mile or so northeast, crossing the main shopping street, and squeeze themselves into another all-black (really all-black) elementary school located where it ought to be, on Calhoun Street.

At this point a group of angry black parents from Memminger attended a school-board meeting, and their presence (heretofore rather rare in Charleston), plus a unanimous petition from the Charleston High Parents, Teachers, and Students Association, was the beginning of the end of the scheme. Since then, Charleston High School has been rewarded by an outstanding level of nonmaintenance.

The winter of 1976-77 showed that the battle to save Charleston High had been only a preliminary skirmish. This time the occasion was something that seemed, and in essence was, a good idea. Memminger Elementary School was to become a model school. The College of Charleston, working with the county school system, would try out the latest and best teaching techniques; the school would even be integrated.

Initially, the new white children would come from the families of College of Charleston faculty and administration, though it was expected that as the plan was publicized, white children from the neighborhood would come back into the public school. Unfortunately, the planning and initial implementation were left to a small and very exclusive clique. It looked as though the white-dominated college was going to run the school, and, as if to confirm this suspicion, it was announced early on that the existing faculty—which included a number of black teachers—would be re-evaluated in depth to determine their fitness to teach in the new Memminger. Charleston's militant black weekly newspaper, *The Chronicle*, ran a number of angry articles. In short, the model school began as a model of how not to bring about change.

Besides the transmogrification of Memminger, there were other Charleston happenings, some agreeable, some not. Everybody outside of Charleston knows, I suppose, about Spoleto U.S.A., the arts festival that took place in 1977 and 1978. Few outsiders know about another event that occurred late in the summer of 1977, when a mob of black youngsters assaulted white children and their parents after a high school football game. The police were unprepared and ineffective; the Mayor said it was not a racial incident, and gave a strong law-and-order speech on TV, and everyone but Charleston's blacks and a few other worriers went back to antebellum, pre-1954, or pre-1963 dreams.

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To be sure, there are different white dreams about Charleston, though dreaming is hardly a fair way of describing the work of real estate magnates and their allies, who have been striving long days and nights to convince the local citizenry that what south-of-Calhoun Charleston needs now is a large convention center. What does this have to do with peninsular Charleston's disgracefully segregated schools, its truly blighted upper east side, and the youths who assaulted people at Johnson Hagood Stadium and prowl the streets even now, beating and robbing people on both sides of the border? Nothing. Or everything, if, as I do, you see the passionate controversy over the size of the convention center as evidence of what most interests the powers that be.

Back to our children, growing up in the midst of these alarums and excursions. Sarah never had any trouble finding playmates, white or black. Lottie has consistently been in the "fastest" reading and mathematics groups, in which, it is important to note, she has never been alone. From the start, William got along well socially as well as academically, and has done so ever since. Rachel has remained relatively aloof in the high school, declining invitations to join the honor society and participate in other school activities. Her friends come from well-to-do families and attend the supposedly elite private schools. On her S.A.T. tests she placed in the top 5 percent, doing better than all her private-school friends, among whom are the children of doctors and Ph.D.s.

So far, then, there is no sign that our children have been hurt socially or academically. Should anyone be surprised? If they are, does it not reveal more about the continuing anxieties of white adults in the 1970s than about what youngsters themselves can do, given a fair chance? Unfortunately, there are still too many white parents who are unwilling to find out what kind of chance there is in this or that particular public school situation.

If years from now we still have nothing to regret, I may lapse into abstractions. Right now, it seems plain to me that it is people who have made the difference: the white teachers, administrators and other school personnel who have done their jobs well, showing neither horror at "what we were doing to our children" nor favoritism. Much more important, given our minority status, has been the excellence of many black teachers and administrators.

Despite all the initial misgivings, the Memminger operation has settled down fairly well and this is due, I think, to the efforts of the two black county board members. By making it clear that they would tolerate no involuntary transfers of black students they calmed a situation that should never have arisen. Since then, the faculty at Memminger has been reintegrated, and the new Superintendent of Schools has promised publicly that there will be no purges of black teachers when two other peninsular schools become model schools, as they are scheduled to do this year. And a capable black District Superintendent now occupies the office of the gentleman who suggested that my children stay out of the public schools of Charleston.

In peninsular Charleston, a majority of the teachers are now black and have been organized by the National Education Association. Their demands for better teaching conditions, as well as for more adequate pay, in the fall of 1978 were strongly supported by black parents and politicians.

With regard to integration, though, the immediate prospects for peninsular Charleston are not good. It is not clear whether whites in larger numbers can learn to accept black teachers and administrators, even when they are doing their jobs well. Housing patterns are being disrupted by the cruel and stupid displacement of blacks, a tendency bound to produce an ever more dangerous physical division of the city and a genuine ghetto. Our experience shows that blacks in Charleston welcome re-entry by whites into the public schools, but they are not going to beg for integration. White politicians say nothing at all and keep their own children out of the peninsula's public schools.

The real beauty of Charleston is not its antebellum houses but its children. They have a right to go to school together, so that they can learn to live together as adults in peace and friendship. When that happens all over the peninsula, I will be able to agree with those who tell us how lovely this city is and how lucky we are to live here. □

Center

(Continued from Front Cover)

spokesman, and he has sought in Henry Jackson and now in Daniel Patrick Moynihan a politician to embody his notions. But Wattenberg stands out only because of his uniqueness.

Far more typical has been a self-questioning process undertaken by centrist intellectuals as they look back upon their programs of the 1960s and find them wanting. Sometimes this self-criticism moves them to the left, as in the case of John Kenneth Galbraith, who has had favorable things to say about national planning and even socialism. But the most common response has been to shift the center to the right and to announce the failures of the Great Society with the rhetorical flourish that converts seem so adept at developing. The center has resigned itself to the status quo, and this resignation has a good deal to do with

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the inability of Carter to develop a program around which he can rule.

Outlets for the new sense of resignation are plentiful, but the one vehicle most commonly used has been a magazine called *The Public Interest*. As they look back over the programs that they were so instrumental in developing, the intellectuals and former policy makers who write for this magazine see nothing but flaws. It was, in their opinion, an illusion to expect that reforms could really change very much about America. The poor were unwilling to be led about by the social planners and visionaries that came down from Cambridge to tell them how to run their lives. Hard-working, lower-middle-class Americans rightly did not want to foot the bill for social experimentation on a vast magnitude. Vested interests, as one should have been able to predict, did not sit by while their privileges were threatened, but tried to convert all social programs to their own advantage. A Hobbesian view of human nature combined with a perception of the social complexity of modern society produced a vision of a world in which change through intentional human action was impossible. The only hope for progress, in the opinion of these writers, was to allow "natural" forces like social mobility, ethnic integration and the market to work themselves out. The best social policy was that which was neither social nor policy. Rid the state of elitists, let the people choose, and accept a world that, while not perfect, was preferable to the schemes of the social planners.

The chastened world view of the former liberals around *The Public Interest* is the other side of the utopian, administrative mentality of cold-war liberalism. In the 1960s cold-war liberals believed that since ideology was dead and social problems susceptible to technical solutions, it was unnecessary for a ruling elite to mobilize passions or generate political excitement. Decision making was best left to competent administrators who possessed the required expertise.

Now, according to many of these same men, our problems are so vast that no governmental solutions to them can be found. The political consequence of this new position, however, is identical to the one it replaced. If solutions are impossible, then once again it makes no sense to stir the people and stimulate their interest in political affairs by education and seriously espoused ideas. In short, the reaction against cold-war liberalism has not been a reaction against its apolitical tendencies but rather a renunciation of political vision and political passion.

When Carter chose his advisers, he turned to many of the chastened cold-war liberals. Thus, he incorporated into his Administration a sense of resignation from the start. Carter's policy makers, with few exceptions (and the exceptions are the ones who find themselves in trouble), believe that there are no solutions to the manifold problems facing the United States and that only a little tinkering here and there can be accomplished. They tell Carter not what he can do but what he cannot. As a centrist Democrat, Carter turned for advice to the institutions of cold-

war liberalism—the Brookings Institution, the Trilateral Commission and other such bodies—only to discover that those bodies no longer had advice to give. And there was a simple reason why they had run out of ideas. The ideological impasse facing cold-war liberalism can only be broken by sloughing off past mistakes and discovering new approaches to policy making. Yet to reject the past is to reject a strategy of relying on vested interests, especially big business and the military. The first condition for a regeneration of the center is a radicalization process. So-called think tanks that rely on business and military support, of course, are not likely to radicalize themselves. Under these circumstances, centrist intellectuals have an option of either preserving their access to power and funding while being irrelevant, or becoming relevant and risking their access to power and prestige. Since ideas are not particularly important to them anyway, they have naturally chosen the first course, but this is precisely what makes them, and any President like Carter who relies upon them, unable to generate excitement or interest in policy prescriptions.

Rarely has this choice between relevance and power been more explicitly made than in the case of one of Carter's chief domestic advisers, Charles Schultze, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. Schultze is the quintessential pragmatic centrist, whose entire career has been devoted to the construction of nonideological methods of achieving limited goals. While never as far to the left as a Galbraith (or even a Heller or a Samuelson), Schultze was known as an advocate of the New Economics that

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saw macroeconomic tinkering as a solution to capitalist contradictions. Moreover, Schultze now presides over the very body established by the Employment Act of 1946 as the governmental center of economic activism. He thus inherited the mantle of Walter Heller, Paul Samuelson and other Kennedy advisers, who were convinced that the capability of fine tuning the economy allowed social policy to flourish. As part of this tradition, both in the Johnson Administration and at Brookings, Schultze's ideas about the choices facing the center are particularly instructive.

Schultze is convinced that the rapid growth of the Federal budget in the past sixteen years (i.e., since Kennedy came to power) forces a reassessment of the role of the state in American society. Budget increases must be slowed down, he claims, or else the United States will be in serious trouble. Facing the issue directly, Schultze argues that no cuts in defense spending can be expected:

> Whatever the course of defense spending in the next decade, it is virtually certain that its share of the GNP cannot continue to shrink at the same pace. As a consequence, constraints on domestic programs will be more severe than they were in the previous two decades unless the overall share of federal spending in GNP rises significantly above 20 percent.

From the start, in other words, Schultze is perfectly willing to deprive himself of the one alternative that might give social policy some flexibility: reductions in the defense budget. Such an option is not even seen as an option, for it would entangle policy makers in disputes with vested interests, and such disputes, to Schultze, are beyond the pale. By abandoning that course, Schultze must turn to the social welfare side of the budget for room to maneuver, yet this leaves him in the position of eliminating programs that are beneficial to constituencies that vote for the Democratic Party. The problem facing Schultze is that he wants to hold down costs yet at the same time be able to claim that progress is being made toward ameliorating social problems. In trying to walk this difficult path, Schultze re-evaluates the attitude of the center toward two key issues: government regulation of business and the question of income redistribution.

Schultze notes that there are two kinds of ways by which the government can engage in regulation. Output-oriented rules seek to regulate the economy directly, while process-oriented intervention seeks to achieve a given end indirectly by affecting the process through which it is pursued. If the goal is a reduction in pollution, for example, then an output-oriented approach would simply ban the burning of certain fuels, while a process-oriented one would make it so expensive to use them that few would be foolish enough to do so, even if they could. Based on this distinction, Schultze claims that the United States has become so output-oriented that it has ignored the other approaches based upon process. This has, according to him, had two negative consequences. First, government has been taken beyond its limit: "We cannot afford to go on imposing command-and-control solutions over an ever-widening sphere of social and economic activity." Second, what Schultze calls the "temptation to overregulate" causes political problems. It destroys the fragile consensus around the center by stirring up opposition from the right, while leaving the poor dissatisfied and wanting more. Government regulation in the manner it has evolved is, according to Schultze, outmoded, and indeed the ability of government to influence behavior at all is doubtful.

Instead, Schultze argues, we need to change the "incentive structure." The problem becomes one of maximizing choice. This means a much greater reliance on attempts by government to shape the market, not to counterbalance it. Instead of government prohibiting nefarious practices, a system of incentives should be created so that business will be encouraged, but not commanded, to make the socially desirable choice. If one firm does not, then another surely will. Schultze also addresses the question of income distribution and anti-poverty measures. Here he comes out strongly for vouchers, an idea that has its roots in the critique of modern capitalism derived from laissez-faire economics. Schultze asks why our social policies always seem to fail. He blames the tendency to want to command people to engage in certain socially beneficial acts. It is preferable, he suggests, to give them a choice. "Instead of widening the area of individual choice for the poor and the disadvantaged by financial and institutional arrangements which give them alternative opportunities in day care, manpower training, health facilities and the like, we tie the financing and the institutions together in such a way which minimizes their chance of choice." As far as possible, all social welfare programs should be replaced by grants to individuals, not institutions. No money should be given to colleges, just to students; none to hospitals, just to consumers of medical services. Then, if a hospital or school cannot run itself efficiently, it should balance its books or close. Such voucher-type schemes, in Schultze's view, accomplish two goals: they give people choice, so that they are compatible with liberty, and they will force sellers of social services to shape up their procedures.

To meet the historical centrist goals of economic management and greater equality, Schultze claims to have found an alternative to the state. It is, of all things, the market. "The buyer-seller relationships of the marketplace have substantial advantages as a form of social organization," he has discovered. In such a way does Schultze come full cycle from cold-war liberalism to the ideology of the right. Facing intellectual bankruptcy, the center has returned to its roots in the worst features of early 19th-century Malthusian economics. Like Malthus, Schultze views humanitarianism with suspicion. He argues, for example, that the United States has a double standard toward the question of social harm. If a business firm leaves an area and causes unemployment, people do not complain, but if the government closes down a

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military base, Congress squawks. Indeed, both actions harm people and should not be allowed without the planning and implementation of alternatives. But Schultze makes the opposite conclusion, that if one kind of harm is acceptable, the other should be as well. Government, he says, is harmed by a general principle of social policy called the "do not harm" rule which holds that policy makers should never hurt people directly. This, Schultze says, has gotten the country into trouble by destroying its flexibility: the do not harm rule must be abolished. Apparently the best way to help people is to hurt them.

We have dealt with Schultze's ideas about social policy at this length for two reasons. First, they reveal the ideological bankruptcy of cold-war liberalism. Faced with the exhaustion of his own intellectual tradition, yet unwilling to challenge the vested interests with new ideas, Schultze has no choice but to adopt the rhetoric and analysis of the right. For years cold-war liberalism has, through its policies, kept the right alive. If Schultze's ideas are at all representative, then cold-war liberalism will drop the facade and openly embrace the right. Secondly, Schultze is an important political adviser to the Carter Administration, and his ideas do not exist in an intellectual vacuum. Carter's entourage is filled with men like Schultze, power brokers in the realm of ideas yet without ideas themselves. For this reason, Schultze's way of thinking has had a deep impact on Carter's own thinking. Carter's welfare-reform proposals would give people cash grants so that they could buy services. "Incentives" would be found so that welfare recipients could find work and become more "efficient" and "productive" citizens. Similarly, in the realm of health care Carter is attracted to proposals that would hold down governmental expenditure by encouraging consumers to buy their services in a more efficient manner. Because he is attracted to the Hooveresque notion of a balanced budget, Carter will not allow expensive new programs to be contemplated, and so long as that is the case, then the ideas of Charles Schultze will be the dominant ones in Washington.

As Schultze goes, so goes Carter. The former's open advocacy of principles long associated with the right will foreshadow the inevitable direction that a centrist President like Carter must take. After World War II, the political center gained power because it accommodated itself to the American right rather than confronted it. But at the same time the centrists' decision to become "realistic" and anti-Communist deprived them of the means to win the support of large numbers of people for their programs. In the absence of a popular following for progressive ideas that would push the government in the direction of greater control over the corporations, government was vulnerable to the vested interests, who obtained more and more of what they wanted from Administrations afraid to confront them. The center lost the will and energy to formulate new ideas and to compete with the right for ideological superiority; and so the American people, by default, reverted to the parochial and conservative notions that float to the surface in the United States when no countervailing alternatives are present. Under these conditions, cold-war liberals found themselves contributing to the success of the movement that they had hoped to control.

There is only one way out for politicians like Carter and others in the Democratic Party. This is to try to mobilize votes behind an alternative program. It is clear that the single largest political force in the United States is the nonvoter; there are almost two of them for every single person who votes either Democratic or Republican. Somebody, at some time, is going to try to reach these nonvoters and, in doing so, topple the structure of American politics. Since political research has demonstrated that most nonvoters are poor (and thereby more likely to vote Democratic if they vote at all), it seems rather obvious that a smart Democratic politician should try to reach the nonvoters before a right-wing demagogue gets there. Prudence and wisdom demand that political leaders end their alliance with big business, which gives them nothing but heartache, and fashion a radical program to capture massive popular support from the nonvoters. But such a strategy requires a conception of political success over the long haul. It posits losing an election now in order to win many in the future. It honors the notion that it is as important to use power as it is to hold it. But such a strategy is irrelevant to Carter and the centrists around him, because it necessitates a search for a governing ideology, one that would give the center a future and a sense of dynamism. This is what it has avoided since it came into existence, and there is no evidence that anyone around Carter understands the need to seek out new constituencies any better than the people around Truman did. As a result, some force other than the center will ultimately dominate American politics when it creates a governing ideology that appeals to those made apathetic by today's apolitical politics.

Meanwhile, Carter follows the general postwar pattern of trying to appease the right. So long as he does, he will simply not generate any ideas that will animate or justify his rule, as the ponderings of his chief economic adviser, Charles Schultze, makes clear. Afraid of the left, unable to hold onto a center that is being undermined, Carter will, like Schultze, drift to the right because it is the only place to go. In so doing he will give even greater legitimacy to a body of ideas that should have died out long ago. He will also pave the way for the return of the Republican Party. The election of 1978, like that of 1950, proves that a strategy of attempting to appeal to the right only increases Republican chances of making a comeback. Carter has inherited the political "realism" of cold-war liberalism; what it has given him in return is the opportunity to preside over the demise of the coalition that brought him to power. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Sorrow and the Pity Of Non-Fiction Film

ROBERT SKLAR

Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang is the incongruous title of the premiere offering in the new public television series, Non-Fiction Television, produced under the aegis of the Independent Documentary Fund at WNET, Channel 13, in New York.

"Gang" is the more incongruous part of the title: it connotes a bunch of thugs or criminals, as the Chinese mean to do in calling their former leaders the Gang of Four. The implied thugs and criminals in this film include the Atomic Energy Commission, the United States Army, the nuclear power industry and various nuclear physicists. The word "gang," however, is uttered nowhere in the film itself, and whatever evidence the film musters, its use in the title is little more than slangy agitprop.

But the "Paul Jacobs" part is hardly less incongruous. Jacobs, the author, journalist, film maker and longtime political activist, is shown in the film mainly during the last months of his life. (He died of cancer in January 1978 at the age of 59.) He is identified only as an investigative journalist, and the film offers no sense of the man, his personality, or his varied career, other than a montage flash of stills at the very end.

What, then, is *Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang*? It is a documentary on the aftereffects of the aboveground atomic tests conducted in Nevada during the 1950s and, more generally, on the present dangers of low-level radiation emitted from nuclear power plants and nuclear wastes.

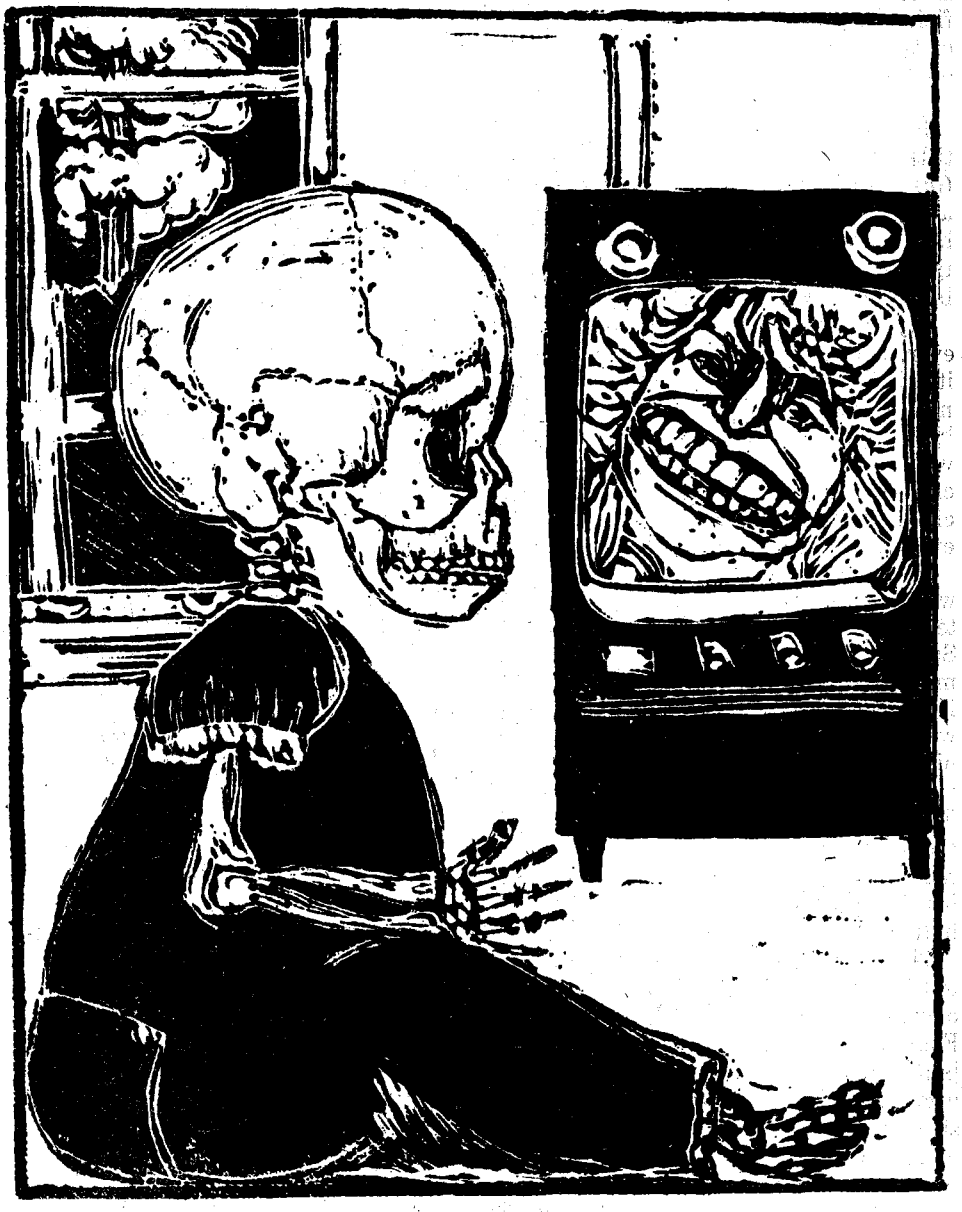
Jacobs became interested in the possible health hazards from atomic testing as early as 1957. He visited the towns and ranches of southwestern Utah and northern Arizona where fallout from the Nevada tests had been blown by prevailing winds. Over the last two decades of his life he saw people who had been exposed to the bombs' aftermath sicken with leukemia and other cancers. He believed his fatal illness was caused by a particle he may have picked up while exploring a radioactive "hot spot" near the test site.

The film presents interviews not only with townsfolk and ranchers exposed to the fallout but also with servicemen who were ordered to witness the blast from the test site itself; the plight of these men, and their struggle to gain restitution from the Government, have been more and more in the news of late.

These interviews, with men and women who were in advanced stages of terminal illness, several of whom died before the film could be completed, are poignant and revealing. But even more shocking material in the film is archival footage from Government-produced propaganda films that were shown to the soldiers before the tests to assuage their anxieties, and to the public after the tests to reassure them that all safety precautions had been taken.

The Big Picture, produced by the United States Army, showed a chaplain calming a soldier's fears with the promise of an almost beatific experience. An A.E.C. film made in 1955 is a classic example of propaganda through image/sound juxtaposition. Radios are shown in different households as a radio announcer, heard on the sound track, warns of the arrival of the fallout clouds.

"It is suggested that everyone remain



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indoors," the announcer says, while the screen shows a smiling mother bottle feeding a baby; cut to a woman peeling potatoes while the announcer continues, ". . . for one hour or until further notice. There is no danger." And the woman smiles.

There are skulls beneath those smiles, we now know. From those films, through Jacobs's investigations to contemporary interviews with public officials, the documentary demonstrates that the Government has sought to deny or minimize the health dangers of low-level radiation, and has suppressed or aborted research that could provide the necessary long-term follow-up to measure the effects on exposed populations.

The film widens its focus at the end from the 1950s atomic tests to take in a Rockwell International plutonium factory in Rocky Flats, Colo., the struggle against the Seabrook nuclear plant in New Hampshire and the United States Naval Shipyard in nearby Portsmouth. In each case there are public health officials or medical researchers to warn of the danger and Government or industry spokesmen to explain it away.

I began by finding fault with the title, *Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang*, and yet I seem to have described a film that makes an important contribution to public knowledge about the threat of nuclear radiation. Why quibble about words?

My questions about the film, however, are broader than concern about its title, and are only properly raised now that the film's achievements have been made clear. The issue is not whether this is a worthy film but precisely what kind of film it is, under the circumstances of its production and television exhibition.

Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang was produced by Jack Willis and written and directed by Willis jointly with Saul Landau, the noted political film maker. Haskell Wexler, the brilliant Hollywood cameraman who has also worked with Landau, Emile de Antonio and others on political documentaries, shot the film with Zack Kriegler. Funding for the film was provided by the Independent Documentary Fund, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and thirteen other foundations and individuals.

The Independent Documentary Fund is itself financed by the National Endowment for the Arts and the Ford Foundation to the tune of more than half a million dollars a year. The goal was to provide money and public television opportunity for "independent" documentary film and video makers—the talk was of fostering innovation in the art of documentary and providing new, alternative sources of information.

On these criteria, *Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang* is, in my view, a disappointment. One touchstone for comparison is an *ABC News Close-up* aired last summer, *Asbestos: The Way to Dusty Death*. That commercial network documentary also dealt with a major health problem abetted by Government and industry indifference or neglect. It also interviewed victims dying of asbestos-caused cancers, officials who denied there was a problem, workers who preferred to ignore health hazards because of steady paychecks.

Perhaps it's unfair to compare *ABC News* to an independent documentary production. For all I know, Jules Bergman, the narrator of the ABC program, earns more money in a year than Paul Jacobs did in a lifetime. ABC may spend more on a one-hour news special than the Independent Documentary Fund has in its budget for a year.

But money, though it's a major point, is not the only point. Given the money available to the Independent Documentary Fund, there ought to be talent and vision enough to make an innovative, alternative kind of documentary that does not look like something done by *ABC News*. Isn't that the point?

The problem may lie in the Independent Documentary Fund's definition of "independent." Jack Willis was formerly administrative and creative director of programing at WNET, and has produced documentaries and movies for CBS and NBC. For its premiere program on the nonfiction series, WNET seems to have played it safe by turning to one of its own. The problem with *Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang*, despite its many qualities, is far greater than its title. □

PETER DAVIS

For anyone who likes them, writing about nonfiction films in America can easily bring on the sadness of a naturalist addressing himself to the plight of the California condor. The problem is not only that there are so few left but that almost nobody cares. A form of expression that can seize the imagination, infusing it with a vision and version of reality, is withering like an unused organ. The sorrow and the pity of documentaries is that most simply go unmade.

The special beauty of Jack Willis's film, *Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang*, is that it departs so surprisingly from what we are used to. One scene makes all the difference. While inquiring into the long-range effects of low-level radiation on those who have been exposed to it and their heirs, Paul Jacobs is shown injecting himself with morphine. In a terminal irony, he was dulling the agony of his cancer in order to continue his pursuit of what may have caused it.

The film-making point about the scene is that it could never have happened at a commercial network. It would be judged well over the borderline of bad taste, damaged credibility, inappropriateness, self-indulgence. Any of us who were trained in network news divisions would learn early, as I did, that a correspondent shown mainlining morphine is not exactly being faithful to the journalistic virtues we want our films to embrace. It would not have been necessary for a network executive to ask me to remove such a scene: I

Peter Davis, who made the documentary films The Selling of the Pentagon *and* Hearts and Minds, *is writing a book about permanence and change among the people and institutions of one American city.*

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never would have filmed it in the first place. But there the scene sits, a marvel in every way, a synopsis of what the film is about and of what Paul Jacobs's life became—pain. The noncommercial sources who financed *Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang* were encouraging a uniquely disquieting point of view in a film whose mood swings between indignation and melancholy, and it becomes the responsibility of public television to give the film the early repeat broadcast it needs to gain the attention it deserves.

This kind of confessional reportage would scarcely be worth mentioning if done in print. The journalism might still be affecting, but the mere fact of its existence would not be remarkable. Yet in television documentaries, feeling—especially by a correspondent—almost always has to be heavily insulated with rationalization. The assumption, quite possibly correct by now, is that the audience will either be put off or enraged by expressions of emotion from the film makers. As a result, we work diligently to prevent viewers from having too great a response to what we show them. Lulled not quite to sleep, off they go to Mork and Laverne and Starsky. Anyone who sits down to watch a network documentary had generally better take solemn, knitted-brow aim at his or her set and resolve to be given a guided, illustrated tour *avec son et lumiere* of one or another of the Great Issues.

Which is not, after all, so bad. It is even frequently clarifying—in the culinary sense of separating out the impurities—if not exactly inspiring. Indeed, there is far less reason to criticize the documentary films that are broadcast than to lament those that are not. As a *CBS News* alumnus (or refugee, depending on what program I have looked at last), I admire the resourceful and well-informed journalism of *CBS Reports*, the occasional documentaries by other *CBS News* units and those by ABC and NBC as well. They are not the problem; the problem is what does *not* get on. There is, for instance, no Norman Mailer, Susan Sontag, I.F. Stone, Gore Vidal, William Buckley or Hunter Thompson of the nonfiction film in America. It is not that there is no talent anxious to make documentaries; it is, rather, that the networks studiously and stringently purge the airwaves of strong expression.

In perpetual thrall to the Federal Communications Commission, Congress and any pressure group with enough postage to mount a letter-writing campaign, nonfiction at the networks shivers in the narrow corridor between ratings and attacks by outsiders. This converts everyone at all the networks into his or her own censor. Feelings, attitudes and opinions belong to mortals; the networks have to be God. So they make rules and call them standards, they convey an outlook and try to pass it off as an insight. Their infamous exclusionary policies apply not only to the locked doors against talented independents but also to the condescension, even snickering, with which the brilliant films of Frederick Wiseman are greeted by intelligent broadcasters at all three networks who ought to know better. Perhaps what happens to us at the networks is that we get, literally, programmed, only able to accept that which has been fed predigested into our circuits. (I use "we" though I have not been at a network for over six years because so much of my own training and perspective were acquired working for all three, principally *CBS News*.) Marcel Ophuls is now at his second network; it remains still to be seen—viewed—what outlet his agitated energies and profound originality will find on American television. The fostering of idiosyncratic artistry is hardly what anyone would call the networks' strong suit.

The nonfiction film in America languishes, like both an underdeveloped country with vast untapped mineral reserves and a furtive bum cadging handouts in order not to become extinct. (The Jacobs film was made for $65,000, a budget so low it meant the production staff could take almost no salary at all for the year they worked on the film.) It is no big news that achievement is commensurate with commitment. Yet the networks remain uncommitted to nonfiction especially *independent* nonfiction, toward which they are not just neutral but hostile. When Malraux spoke of the consciousness of disharmony, he instructed us that only by giving ourselves to the possibilities of asymmetry could we hope to find form. The networks want form to come out of some safe place rather than from chaos, which is like expecting light without darkness, birth without pain. Paul Jacobs, a troublesome activist haunted by the potential of documentaries all his life, made this one film—completed lovingly by his colleagues—which can stand proudly as a memorial to him but has also to exist sadly, the shadow of what he might have done. As nonfiction whose primary exposure is not of skulduggery but feeling, the film reminds us with the force of obsession how much more we could do if only we would.□

Televising Our Values

HERBERT J. GANS

THE VIEW FROM SUNSET BOULEVARD: America as Brought to You by the People Who Make Television. *By Ben Stein. Basic Books Inc. 156 pp. $8.95.*

In 1976, Ben Stein published an article in *The Public Interest* which hinted at a left-wing Jewish conspiracy among Hollywood writers and producers to impose an alien ideology on the American people. Since then, Mr. Stein has done more research and in expanding that article into a short book, he has altered somewhat his tone and conclusions. Although he reiterates the idea that writers and producers impose their own values on the audience, the conspiracy theory has disappeared; some of the Hollywoodians turn out to be Catholic and Protestant, and the values themselves are now described as a mixture of upper-class liberalism, nostalgic socialism and a good deal of individualism.

Among other things, Stein has discovered that the programs and their creators display a strong antipathy toward the very rich and the business community, combined with an equally fervent sympathy toward the poor which tends to blame their resort to crime on poverty and society rather than on the individual offender. Both the programs and the people interviewed are described as looking with favor on the police. On the other hand they are hostile to the military—a prejudice Stein associates with a reluctance to consider the Soviet Union a threat to national security. Contrary to his expectations, Stein did not find support for a liberal welfare state, and to his apparent surprise, the most prominent and important value was the desirability of "getting ahead": of occupational material and social success.

Stein's research method was as ingenious as it was simple. He carried out

Herbert Gans, professor of sociology at Columbia University and senior research associate, Center for Policy Research, is author of the forthcoming Deciding What's News: A Study of *CBS Evening News, NBC Nightly News, Newsweek* and *Time* (Pantheon).

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an impressionistic content analysis of recent television fare—mostly "sitcoms" and detective drama series—to identify their underlying political and social values. Then he interviewed some of the people who write and produce these shows. Finding that their values coincided (or, in the language of science, correlated) with those identified by the content analysis, he drew a causal conclusion: that "the TV production community" has placed *its* values into *our* television fare.

Finally, he tries to understand why this has happened, and what the consequences have been for America. In what he describes as a Marxian analysis, he argues that the TV production community is a new "highly articulate, well-heeled, highly motivated class on the move," which uses television to attack "certain classes as their enemies from long ago," such as the military and the small-town gentry, and to defend the underclasses (from whom he believes, wrongly I think, the producers and writers themselves came). He argues further that this new class has been able to overthrow an earlier, more conservative "folk culture"—one which lauded the military and the small-town gentry—and to transform the values of the television audience, ultimately creating a new folk culture. Although he believes the TV producers hold "a highly parochial, idiosyncratic view of the world," and dislikes their values, he is no longer fearful of the new class, observing that it seeks status, not power, that it lacks a program, and that its ideas are "not radical or dangerous."

Some traces of his previous stance remain, and occasionally he wonders why the people he interviewed consistently fail to see the truth of his own conservative view of America. At these moments he reports their opinions with a slight sneer, but perhaps because they place such a high value on entrepreneurial success, he often notes how likable they are, and how much he likes them. Relieved that he did not find the Stalinist devils for which he may have been looking, he is almost ready to forgive them their liberal trespasses.

I shall resist the temptation to quarrel at length with Stein's research technique, although the number of programs and people he studied is few; nor does he indicate how he chose his samples. One methodological deficiency cannot be overlooked, however, for even if there may be a correlation between program and producer values, correlations tell us nothing about causes. To be sure, common sense would suggest that the producers are the cause of the programs but even so, other causal explanations of television's values are possible.

As everyone knows, but Stein does not mention, the major purpose of television is to sell advertised goods; consequently, TV producers must come up with programs which sponsors, and more important, a large audience, find acceptable. One alternative explanation proposes, therefore, that the values on TV must also be acceptable, and that, to a considerable extent (but indirectly), the viewers impose their values on the programs. Indeed, the mix of individualist and liberal values that Stein ascribes to the Hollywoodians and describes as idiosyncratic, exists among the viewers as well, for these values appear regularly in the results of public opinion polls.

A second, and related, explanation, which I am surprised that Stein does not consider, is that many of the values are built into the stock characters and situations on which television series rely. Because programs are produced in haste, and under conditions of high risk and pervasive uncertainty, there is an almost reflex reliance on tried-and-true formulas containing ready-made values that audiences have found acceptable in the past.

Of course, writers do not merely parrot audience values, and Stein's interviews indicate that their scripts express what they consider to be their own views. Evidently, the television industry recruits people who either share audience values or are willing to supply them cynically to make a buck. Stein's interview sample seems bereft of cynics, but then their number has always been overrated. In Hollywood, as in the New York news organizations I have studied, the people who survive in a lucrative but highly competitive profession are those who share the needed values. Or else they develop these values on the job. Having to write, week in and week out, what will be acceptable to the viewers, they come to accept such values as their own.

But there is another possible explanation: that viewers do not particularly care about values, leaving Hollywoodians free to introduce their own. Many years ago, Marshall MacLuhan proposed that people watch television, not programs: the medium, not the message, making the values virtually irrelevant. A more plausible version of this hypothesis is that many viewers primarily react to the heroes and other major characters of the television series, as well as to the laughs of sitcoms and the plots of dramas. As long as the shows are entertaining and exciting, the rest of the message is unimportant, unless a program openly advocates values of which many viewers disapprove.

Most likely, all these explanations apply. The values of television come partly from the audience and from the old TV formulas, and partly from the writers, producers and executives who adhere, in many ways, to the same American culture as the audience. Still, the values are nowhere so significant as Stein suggests, for many viewers are not deeply enough involved with, and affected by, what they see on the small screen to attend to them.

Stein, who gave up an earlier career in the law and in politics to write popular novels and television fare, is not particularly interested in complex explanations. As a member of the TV production community, he may even be opposed to explanations that assign less than a starring role to the people who create the programs. Stein's membership in the community is attested to by the book itself, which bears some resemblance to a television show: with brief, fast-paced chapters, punchy and unqualified assertions, and much repetition of the major themes.

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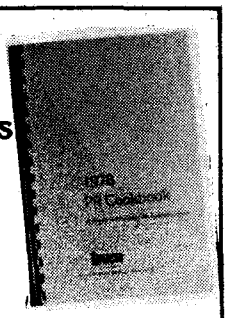

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Behind the breezy style, however, there lurks a sober theory about today's America, for Stein's allegedly Marxian analysis actually concludes that the country is no longer dominated by businessmen, or economic classes of any kind. Even his Hollywood is devoid of corporations and conglomerates; instead, he proposes, we are now ruled by status-seeking and slightly muddle-headed entertainers. This may sound like a parody or satirical comment on Irving Kristol's conservative sociology (in which egalitarian intellectuals are the new ruling class) but Mr. Stein is deadly serious. □

An Amoskeag Documentary

BENITA EISLER

AMOSKEAG: Life and Work in an American Factory-City. *By Tamara K. Hareven and Randolph Langenbach. Pantheon Books. 395 pp. $15.*

Nothing confirms America as a post-industrial society more than the ruins of our industrial one. Who would have believed—even thirty years ago—in a field called "Industrial Archeology"? Covered by desert or jungle, the ruins of most civilizations have the decency to revert to nature, their detritus the landfill of luckier or stronger societies; if the warning message was too painful, the site too often "worth a detour" to the Barbarians, smart successors set up shop elsewhere. Some failures are dangerous—even as a subbasement.

The ruins of New England's Industrial Age are, in every sense, something else. Too solid and too costly to raze except in slow stages they stand, in varying states of decay, throughout the Northeast, fitting symbols of our most depressed area: the massive derelict hulks of Lawrence's Mill Island; the pathetic bits and pieces which survive of Lowell's original "Industrial Utopia" (whose recent designation as our first Urban National Park was one of the slicker boondoggles going), and most haunting of all, the Great Wall of rosy brick lining the Merrimack River in Manchester, N.H., that was once Amoskeag—the largest cotton mill in the world.

These remains are part of the daily landscape of the region—a constant reminder (if unemployment and attendant social ills don't suffice) that the abandonment of the mills in the 1930s was a blow from which New England's economy has never recovered. But the population of the mill towns is singular in another way: among them are survivors of the ruins and of the world they once enclosed.

In *Amoskeag: Life and Work in an American Factory-City*, historian Tamara Hareven and architectural photographer/historian Randolph Langenbach have extended the life of a particular people and place, just before time and the wrecker's ball obliterated both. These forty interviews with the mostly aged men and women (representing management and labor) whose life was the mills, bear collective witness to the pleasures, pride and sense of community, as well as to the experience of abandonment, loss and desperate hardship that described Amoskeag's decline and death.

In its glory days as the best and the biggest, Amoskeag employed more than 17,000 workers and encompassed some thirty major mills. Encompassing also was the hold of this total institution over the lives of its employees. From the year that the Amoskeag Company founded Manchester in 1838, the factory dominated the city, controlling everything from real estate to the police: "There was hardly a person in Manchester between 1838, when construction began," note the authors, "and 1936 when the mills shut down, whose life was not in some way affected by the company." And there was no recourse from company disfavor but flight:

> "It seemed like you were locked in," recalled William Moul, a former weaver, when the Amoskeag owned the mills. "If you told the boss to go to hell, you might as well move out of the city. The boss had the power to blackball you for the rest of your days. The only way you could get a job there again was if you disguised yourself. Some of them did that. They would wear glasses, grow a moustache, change their name. . . it was either that or starve to death."

But equally imprisoning—and more insidious—were the exemplary aspects of Amoskeag in its paternalistic prime. Mary Cunion, recruited from Glasgow at the age of 15, one of the highly skilled "Scotch Girls" famed as gingham weavers, began, with her first pay envelope, to take evening courses in typing and steno. On receiving her "diploma" in secretarial skills, she learned that Amoskeag made sure to stay far enough ahead of local white-collar salaries to make it impossible to leave. "I got stuck there," the astute 88-year-old woman observed:

> It was because of the money they were paying. I had to pay my board everywhere [else] I went. I wish I had followed up the business-school courses. Money isn't everything. Your brain counts, too. If I had my life all over again, I wouldn't be in the mill.

Arthur Morrill, fired after twenty-three years for complaining about salary cuts to a fellow worker, recognized that the cruelest aspect of the pressure to begin working in the mills was more than economic: it came too early to allow a glimpse of any alternative:

> I don't know to this day why I ever quit grammar school and went to work in a stinking cotton mill. I can't figure it out. The money you got wasn't anything and you had to go to work at seven o'clock in the morning and work till five and six o'clock at night. You had to do it till one o'clock on Saturday. That's what you call child labor, all right. Don't you think it wasn't! There were little French kids working there that never saw the inside of a school.

Indeed, the large French Canadian families, including young children, soon came to dominate the mill work force. Eagerly recruited because their growing families promised more workers, the French emigres were, for the same reason, most vulnerable in times of layoff or during the terrible strike of 1922: there were always very young children at home to feed and, as frequently, a wife incapable of full-time employment.

With few exceptions, however, Amoskeag alumni speak feelingly to the positive aspects of their working life—prompt to compare it favorably with what they knew about Lowell or Lawrence: in particular, the flexibility in work routines that encouraged sociability and interdependence. For, despite the ethnic frictions that developed as Greek and Polish workers joined the "Canados" and native-born Americans, and despite rigid taboos against intermarriage, the most widely shared sentiment, expressed again and again in these interviews, is "We were just like a family."

The same flexibility, moreover, that encouraged bonds with fellow workers, also made it possible for those "in good standing" to change types of work and

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setting. Thus, although vertical job mobility was practically nonexistent (and restricted, where opportunities did arise, to the dwindling pool of "Yankees") a sense of both individual choice and personal recognition did exist. The modest liberties and familial atmosphere combined to create an identity with Amoskeag, the loss of which, when the troubles came, was to prove as devastating as the loss of livelihood itself.

Recollections of Amoskeag's "Golden Age," as relived by the oldest surviving workers, underscore the traumatic watershed represented by the 1922 strike. Tearing aside any remaining illusions of paternalism, the strike and its causes—unendurable speedups, wage cuts and firings of those who wouldn't or couldn't take it, revealed that the company playgrounds and Christmas parties, the "workers' gardens"—even the visiting nurse service—were not to be taken as evidence that Amoskeag cared whether its employees lived or died, if they couldn't do both to the profit of T. Jefferson Coolidge on Beacon Hill.

The drama of Amoskeag's decline is nowhere illustrated as symmetrically—even novelistically—as in the end of its middle-management dynasty. For three generations, the Straw family succession of company agents had overseen the entire Manchester operation; it was generally acknowledged that the primacy of Amoskeag was due largely to the stability of the Straw stewardship, and in particular, to the success of their employee relations. To most workers, the Straws *were* Amoskeag. The inability of "the last of the Straws," shy, fastidious William Parker, to communicate directly with his workers, on the one hand, and his implacable refusal, on the other, to fire thousands of elderly employees, as Boston management insisted, sealed his own fate, along with that of the company. Straw's replacement by one of the new breed of "professional" managers (who performed his duty with dispatch, if not with actual relish) hastened unionization and the strike which, followed in several years by the Depression and severe local flooding, left the crippled company ready for the *coup de grace* from State Street.

With cruel irony, the mill shutdown, coming in the worst years of the Depression, reached even beyond the sufferings of those immediately affected. For most of the people in this book lost not only their jobs and life savings but with these, any chance of a better life for their children.

Amoskeag is, quite simply, a marvel of evocation. No one who has watched a rich and lively interview die between tape recorder and transcript can feel anything less than awe before the taste, skill and immense labor on the part of the authors and editor which make this book a triumph of selective intelligence in the service of historical truth. Enhanced by memorable illustrations, from the great Lewis Hine classics of young children with ancient faces, to family snapshots, and including the fine architectural photographs of co-author Langenbach, *Amoskeag* is far more than a valuable collective biography. Without ever reducing the representative to the symbolic, its transparent art frees the few to speak for the many, and by extension, for each of us.

Writing of Walker Evans's photographs of migrant workers, William Carlos Williams seized precisely this quality of revelation: "It is ourselves we see, ourselves lifted from a parochial setting. We see what we have not heretofore realized, ourselves made worthy in our anonymity." □

Social Realism Reissued

JAMES J. STORROW jr.

BOSTON: A Documentary Novel of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case. *By Upton Sinclair. Introduction by Howard Zinn. Robert Bentley Inc. 799 pp. $15.*

You could leave Boston, in those days, on the *Evangeline* of the old New England Steamship Line; you cast off late in the afternoon, steamed easterly past The Graves and Boston Lightship, then southeast by Minot's Light on the way to Cape Cod Canal and the Hudson River piers the next morning. Leaving Boston you could clearly see against the sunset the gold dome of the State House atop Beacon Hill, and to the east of it the highest point in Boston: the gray obelisk of the Custom House tower. On a spring or summer evening, when the sun set late, these were the last sights you saw of Boston, her highest and most important landmarks; you were in no doubt of their identity, their reality, their significance.

Spatial remoteness does not normally distort things: the highest hill, the tallest building, the most prominent headland each retains its ascendancy over its neighbors. The distant skyline remains indisputable, factual, retaining its proportions to the last.

Remoteness in time, however, is in no way so reliable. The story of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, culminating with their execution over fifty years ago for a crime they could not have committed, offers no comparable certainty of shape or meaning. For two people to agree on its major features they must first agree on much else. For many in that place and time, the execution on August 23, 1927 was the final vicious act of a decade of mounting hysteria and injustice. For an adolescent, as I was, it became a traumatic refutation of what one had been taught of morality and honor. Not just the Emperor (the Governor, the president of Harvard) was without clothes; their whole society seemed to have exposed itself.

Those good, responsible citizens of Boston who presided over the city saw a quite different skyline. The execution was, for them, an exemplary act of self-defense on the part of society. In the wake of the World War and the Russian Revolution—with a Communist Government in power!—with Socialism and Anarchism apparently on the march and a large population of foreigners (mainly Italians) in the Boston area, it only made sense for society to defend itself any way necessary. What matter whether those two Wops actually committed the crime? They were anarchists, weren't they? An example must be made of them!

Captain Dreyfus had a Zola to protest the injustices done him. Sacco and Vanzetti, likewise, found many to speak on their behalf, although less successfully in the end. One was Heywood Broun, who with fine fury wrote about the case in the New York *World* until he was fired for refusing to stop, and came to *The Nation*.

Another strong dissenting voice was that of Upton Sinclair. His *Boston* (recently reissued) describes itself as a "documentary novel" which, despite the laconic title, is an accurate account of the lives and deaths of the two men, as viewed by certain fictional people of Boston. It first appeared in 1928; it was written in as white a heat of anger as that in which Zola had written *J'accuse*—though this time the State in its majesty had already taken away what could never be restored.

Distancing in time, which has distorted or concealed the significance, for many, of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, has also had its effect upon the visibility of

James Storrow jr. was publisher of The Nation *from 1965 throught 1977.*

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Upton Sinclair's achievements. He is largely absent from public consciousness. If he is thought of at all it is as the author of *The Jungle* and *Dragon's Teeth*, and as a quixotic social protester with a scheme for ending poverty in California. The reappearance of *Boston* will probably do little to rectify this neglect, though one may hope.

The central figure of *Boston* is Cornelia Thornwell, a rich, middle-aged, highly respected member of one of the city's oldest families, a "proper Bostonian" in every sense. Suddenly, at the age of 60 (the time is prior to World War I), she becomes disgusted with the pretentiousness of the family into which she had married, and the hypocrisy of the society among which they moved as leaders *primus inter pares*—what Sinclair happily refers to as a "system of feudalism in frock-coats." Seizing the opportunity afforded by a family gathering, she steals away, leaving two notes: one for the family and one for publication. Adopting an assumed name and with next to no money, she takes a menial job at the Plymouth Cordage Company and a tiny room as a paying boarder at the home of a poor Italian immigrant family named Brini. These Brinis were the actual family with whom Bartolomeo Vanzetti boarded; Cornelia Thornwell, alias Mrs. Cornell, encounters him almost at once, and fiction and fact are joined.

The mixing of the two is not entirely successful, and perhaps could never be so. Sinclair is concerned above all with faithful, undistorted recounting of historical events. His fictional characters appear stereotyped at times. He forces them to act unnaturally—but these were times of all sorts of unnatural acts, and it is perhaps the very truth of this story that most tests the reader's power of belief.

The novel-as-tract interferes, of course, with the novel as art. And blazing anger is no handmaiden to creativity, or to anything, for that matter. The portrait of Cornelia is at best two-and-a-quarter-dimensional. And "Bart" Vanzetti is so Christ-like that one expects momentarily to be told of nail marks on his hands. The pomposity, greed, and other unpalatable attributes of some of the Thornwell family make them—at times—like caricatures from a morality play.

But for all this, the story is lively, well-told, and truthful. In view of the book's purpose, one is surprised by the paucity of its editorial comment; the commercial messages, as it were, are so thoroughly commingled with lively action that the whole is absorbed without strain. Sinclair's brilliantly acerbic style makes this book easy, even pleasant reading. For example, speaking of a formal gathering of the Boston female rich:

> . . . They wore their black dresses and bonnets, some new and shiny, some old and rusty—but never forget that the rustiest might be the richest. To wear a dowdy dress and a mangy fur tippet might mean one who was able to scorn ostentation—just as illiteracy in an English duke means that he is above the laws of grammar.

Here is their menfolks' response to hard times:

> Nobody cared about anything but money; friendship, family pride, honor, all were gone. He would carry his burden of sorrow for days, and suddenly it would become too heavy, and he would dump it in some quite unsuitable place.

Upton Sinclair was clearly a writer of grace, style and talent, as well as of angry protest. *Boston* cannot be assigned to the highest pinnacle of fictional art but that was hardly its author's intention. As a work of research it is extraordinary; as a narrative it is gripping. Howard Zinn, in his introduction, quotes the chairman of the 1928 Pulitzer Prize Committee as saying that this book would have re-

FRIGATE-BIRDS

To conquer the globe without flapping a wing
is their dream: buoyed over shoals and sandbars
far as the uplifts of ocean extend
where full spred of wings
drawn into bat-fingered points
grips the pull of air.

Windless they cannot leave ground;
wotted, their oil-less plumage sinks. Air's
their only element. They float
with the standing clouds and eagles.
Below are the oceans, flattened;
above, the infinite uplands of light.
They flop only at night; cannot
waste day; know time is for flying.

Etched out in twos,
the black wings elbow-broken in pairs, redoubled,
show pirate-flag sharp; quiver intense with

a song not seen in crumpled bones
where the wild-cat sprang, from
deep vegetable closeness
of humid green over guanoed soil.

New poised stretch of wing slides
over faceless Ocean, homing
still homing

upon islands that slide
on the endlessly tossing, recovering grid
under the never-changing stars
of Ocean the Ever-Returner.

Ten minutes they hang on our island's upstream, rigid
till a flick of the half-disjointing wings
has them turned for home. Forty miles away:
they will go at the speed Earth pleases,

hold us still in their view
till a hill locks us out of the sunset.

Orion, to us the lounging summer giant
of Southern sleepless nights, stretches
and points them home, creatures of speed and air
wave-bolstered, sun-lifted,
sea-fed.

Mark O'Connor

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ived the prize were it not for its "so-alistic tendencies" and "special plead-g."

The book on its first appearance rned high praise elsewhere, but did t sell very well, apparently. We ight put this down to a natural man tendency not to enjoy being re-inded of shameful episodes and to ish to turn to happier matters. What-er the reason, we are now afforded a cond chance to read this important ork. □

RED SETTERBERG

HE RAGGED TROUSERED PHI-ANTHROPISTS. *By Robert Tressell. onthly Review Press. 633 pp. $7.95.*

A friend of mine recently told me about a book that really moved her. "I don't mean that it brought a tear to my eye," e cautioned. "I mean it *moved* me." If u can—like my friend—accept that ere are some writers who desire imarily to be movers, or at least con-de that political persuasion can be e possible use of literature, then you e most likely prepared for the first abridged paperback printing of *The agged Trousered Philanthropists*, Rob-t Tressell's classic novel of Edward-n England's lower depths.

Alan Sillitoe—who wrote the intro-uction to this Monthly Review Press dition—has called Tressell's book, "the rst good novel of English working-ass life." In 1940 George Orwell, in ac-ord with his belief in the wary kinship etween literature and politics, agreed at it was "a wonderful book, although is very clumsily written." This new inting does nothing to alleviate Tres-ell's clumsiness; in fact, it is many apters longer than the widely circu-ted abridged version that Sillitoe tells s "won the '45 election for Labour." owever, the reinstatement of several ucial chapters, plus the optimistic fi-ale, show us that Tressell was a writer ho could graphically illustrate depri-ation and injustice, and simultane-usly keep alive great hopes for the ture. Be forewarned: those readers ho are in the bad habit of turning to e last page of a novel before risking n investment at the beginning should ear in mind that *The Ragged Trou-ered Philanthropists*, as a whole, is not early so mawkish as its final strains, a rophecy which speaks to the "Golden Light . . . diffused throughout all the happy world from the rays of the risen sun of Socialism."

This is Tressell's heart run rampant. The writing is strongest in his less utopian vein, where he painfully details the daily struggles for bread and dignity among workers and the unemployed. Tressell was himself a workingman, and it is his personal outrage combined with a ferocious sense of social justice that give this novel its stinging conviction. Class conflict is our theme here, and along with the vague and hapless notion of "getting some of your own back" as voiced by the majority of the self-deluding workmen, this theme is both the authenticating center, and the reason for the book's frequent lapses into polemic.

The novel's title is a jeer at the small town of Mugsborough and its house painters and decorators—wage slaves and skilled craftsmen who fuel the Empire with their labor, and yet live at far remove from its pomp and circumstance. These characters are the working poor and unemployed who choose to support their "betters" through a philanthropic and self-sacrificing embrace of "the present system." They do so despite the fact that they pass each day under oppressive working conditions, marginal pay, frequent layoffs, a constant fear of being permanently sacked and finally, the threat of starvation. And they do so even while they are constantly apprised of a better way—we're talking about socialism here—by one of their own.

Frank Owen is the book's hero, a socialist house tradesman of integrity and spirit, tirelessly devoted to the political education of his fellow workingmen. Owen is a precursor of Jack London's socialist superman, Ernest Everhard, in *The Iron Heel*, and so many other workingman-agitators of 1930s strike literature. However, *this* novel was written around 1906, and so Tressell still owes a debt in literary construction and style to Dickens—at least for his enormous breadth of description and the black comedy of his characters' epithets. (Consider Owen, who has spent most of his life "owin'" the butcher, "owin'" the landlord.) And Owen is also not unlike that odd character from *Hard Times*, the would-be labor organizer, Stephen Blackpool, although Tressell equips his own hero with an ideology and a taste for class warfare that never would have suited the good Boz.

This *is* a vulnerable sort of book. It *is* clumsy, and certain parts stick out

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every which way. A good example is a conversation between Owen's wife and child, in which we are to believe that the young Frankie has on his own concluded, "How can it be right for people who do nothing to have the very best and most of everything that's made, and the very ones who make everything to have hardly any? Why even I know better than that, and I'm only six and a half years old."

It is interesting to consider that Tressell wrote *Philanthropists* around the same time that another son of the English working class was embarking upon his first major work. D.H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* was published in 1913 (one year before Tressell's book), and at the time the novel created a great stir in part because of its radical assumption that working people were worth writing about. Yet we no longer think of *Sons and Lovers* as a "working-class novel," or of Lawrence as a "working-class writer." And this is true despite the fact that Lawrence's book could be characterized—as Orwell does Tressell's—as a landmark novel in which "the *facts* of working-class life were first got down on paper." Despite the achievements of both Tressell and Lawrence, we are still inhibited by our patronizing notion that literature about working-class life must be graceless and flat. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

It takes some daring, not to say an indifference to what are generally regarded as proper feelings, to base a movie on the hero's steady decline into lunacy. However, Rainer Werner Fassbinder is consistently strong in these respects and his *Despair*, made from an early Nabokov novel and with a screenplay by Tom Stoppard, is a malicious confection for sophisticated palates. I put it that way because the increasingly disoriented Hermann (Dirk Bogarde) is the Russian refugee owner of a Berlin candy factory, and thus a man preoccupied by subtleties of taste. He is stimulated by incongruity. A dandy to the point of preciosity, and thoughtful, he delights in a voluptuous wife who clothes herself in the manner of a retired variety queen and has not a brain in her head.

And since he is an invention of Nabokov, who even that early demonstrated an interest in the ambiguities of identity, Hermann is fascinated by the capacity of a personality to split and to duplicate itself. Spotting someone who looks very much like Sigmund Freud in a cafe, he gets the doctor chatting on these matters. The man turns out to be an insurance agent, and Hermann buys a life policy that figures in his later, feverish schemes. At a film in which an actor plays twin brothers, Hermann is struck by the invisibility of the line that makes this illusion possible, and he does not forget that the kinsmen die, so to speak, for each other. Brownshirts are beginning to appear on the Berlin streets, and Hermann, not only a foreigner but part Jewish, has traveled much with forged papers. Thus his psychological uncertainty as to who he is, his impression that he can stand aside and watch himself, is pushed toward a conviction that he can quite readily become someone else. And he chances upon a double—or at least believes that he has done so.

I am usually hostile to fictions about insanity, since the premise tends to make every action dramatically irrelevant. But I make an exception for *Despair*, because Nabokov has created, and Bogarde has embodied, a man so abnormally aware of himself, so watchful of this familiar, but strange and independent being, that the double image produces the necessary tension. Furthermore, Stoppard has written some wonderfully witty and mordant lines, and Bogarde savors them with mad relish.

The film is also visually enticing. It is as irresponsibly luscious as Hermann's chocolate creams, and it leaps unpredictably from sober narrative into passages of logical folly that are sometimes, but it seemed to me not always, tethered to the hero's fragmented consciousness. The director of photography, Michael Balihous, deserves mention for the high-spirited camera work; so do Andrea Ferreal and Volker Spengler for their performances as Hermann's wife and brother-in-law. They succeed in similarly tricky roles—they must be vulgar and thickheaded, and yet retain some dignity by their unshaken affection for the disconcerting hero of the piece. *Despair* is itself a disconcerting but delectable film.

Hardcore, written and directed by Paul Schrader (*Taxi Driver*), is rum. It is so specifically sordid and so ineptly constructed that you could decide it had been commissioned by some latter-day abolitionist group to publicize the evils of porn.

The frame of this work is as follows: Kristen VanDorn (Ilah Davis), daughter of a hard-shell Calvinist furniture manufacturer in Grand Rapids, goes with a busload of fellow students to a teen-age religious convention in California and there disappears. When, months later, her father (George C. Scott) runs her to earth, she is in the harem of a Latin pimp type, renowned in his world as the protagonist in a series of "snuff" movies. These films are rented for private showings at very high fees on the premise that the girl who is seen to die at the sadistic climax of the action is actually killed. I don't believe in the authenticity of "snuff" films, for the reason that the screen has long since learned how to fake homocide with the most excruciating verisimilitude. And I don't believe in Jack VanDorn's successful pursuit of his daughter because nothing we are told of this man, whose knowledge of the world does not extend beyond the furniture business and whose moral horizons are set by the inflexible dictates of his church, suggests that he could penetrate the inner world of pornography by donning loud clothing and setting himself up as a rich backer of obscene movies. He wanders through the most dangerous alleys of the skin trade, alternately numbed by the commerce in sex and seized by rages in which he batters various antagonists with the excessive violence of a vice cop run amok. When he does finally come upon Kristen, she cries "Don't touch me. You never loved me. Go away." And he replies, "But I always loved you—it was just my damnable pride." As reconciliation scenes go, this one is a loser.

But on the trail, we are well exposed to the industry—all the sleazy devices and grotesquely cold "accommodations" for sexual illiterates. I am confident that Schrader researched the subject diligently; it is a spectacle even nastier and less alluring than you may have imagined. Habitues of massage parlors and all-night movies should see *Hardcore* and sign the pledge. They are supporting a deplorable business and risking cirrhosis of the libido.

The one interesting person in the film is Andy Mast, private detective, played by that gifted impersonator of shady characters, Peter Boyle. It is Mast who gives VanDorn his first lead to the runaway by showing him an anonymous film in which she is seen worming about in the nude with a pair of epicene youths. Mast gives the father no advance warning because he wants, so he says, to shock him into some awareness of what he is up against. It looks cruel,

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and no doubt there is some cruelty in Mast. His attitude, though, is mixed: he hates VanDorn for his arrogant self-righteousness and pities him for his ignorance and the pain that awaits him. The down-at-heels Mast is now a stock fictional detective, but at least he has enough complexity to make him worth consideration. If he were nearer the center of the film it would be a better work.

As for VanDorn, he sees a lot but learns nothing. On his quest he is much helped by a young tart (Season Hubley), a fake-tough, lonely girl who reaches out to him. He promises to take care of her, kisses her on the forehead, for all the world like a surrogate father—and once Kristen is safely in his arms, tries to fob off the sex-waif with money. VanDorn starts as a self-justifying bastard and ends as one. You might think that Schrader, having invented this trip through neon perversity, would have considered that it would instruct his protagonist as well as the audience. Scott, although always a bit of a ham, is not without resources, but he was asked to work in cardboard.

First we had two Agatha Christie mysteries, now the mystery of *Agatha*. The facts on which it is based are meager: in 1926, Mrs. Christie, the young but already celebrated mystery writer, disappeared for some days; two years after her reappearance, she divorced Captain Christie. With that to go on, Kathleen Tynan and Arthur Hopcraft have invented a string of events in which Agatha (Vanessa Redgrave) follows Christie's mistress (Celia Gregory) to the medicinal waters of Harrogate and is herself followed by Wally Stanton, an American celebrity/journalist (Dustin Hoffman).

The malign scheme devised by the fictional Mrs. Christie is ingenious, though perhaps not as astonishing as what the real Mrs. Christie could have provided. The major interest of the picture—one that is sufficient, if not overwhelming—is what the two principals make of their parts. Miss Redgrave is distraught but firm in her intent—a bundle of nerves controlled by a high intelligence. It is a familiar role for her. Hoffman, playing the entirely fictional investigative reporter, tailors yet another personality to his measure. Being of rather less than normal stature, he dresses with foppish care and demands rather more than normal attention. His manner of speech is particularly striking. It is excessively precise and comes out in sentences so excellently composed that it almost seems he has memorized them. Since Hoffman is far too skillful an actor to "read" his lines—indeed, he has as many tunes as a mocking bird—I think we are intended to place the reporter by this affectation. Stanton, I would guess, is not the name he was born with, nor is his precise American diction what he heard at home. By industry, quick wits and boldness of address, he has risen far, and now proceeds to show that he has learned noblesse oblige along the way—that is, he throws away perhaps the best story of his career. Hoffman gives much thought to his impersonations, and the results are gratifying.

In short, *Agatha* is a pleasant romance, laced with some danger and providing the leading players with material for a sustained emotional duet. It is a rather slight film, but well crafted, and my only objection is that, as the abominable husband, Timothy Dalton is forced to act a boring villain. It is quite unbelievable that the woman played by Redgrave could have endured, let alone loved, a man so stubbornly disagreeable. Michael Apted directed the film with a sure feel for its well-bred foolishness. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

The New York City Ballet's announcement last spring that Mikhail Baryshnikov would be joining them in July appeared a utopian confirmation of certain facts of our cultural life. Ever since Baryshnikov began dancing in the West, it has seemed natural that this great artist should enlist in the greatest artistic institution of our time. But how often does the natural happen? The euphoria (and box-office hysteria) triggered by the news signaled this as a fairy tale come true. And to be sure, the first few times I saw Baryshnikov dancing with the company, in Saratoga last July, I was so absorbed by the historical moment and the wonder of it all that any remarks I may have made about what he actually did up there on the stage had to be a bluff. Then came opening night at the State Theater, last November, and the fairy-tale machinery conked out. It was really Baryshnikov, really dancing in one of the most glamorous roles ever created for a man, and it was boring. Rumors of epic proportions began to circulate; this *Rubies* meant the game was already up. Well, it was not up. He continued to dance in a few other roles (with some miraculously right moments in *Harlequinade*), and gradually the Baryshnikov-City Ballet fairy tale began to take on a semblance of reality, with all the reasonable limitations of mortals.

After *The Nutcracker* holidays, repertory resumed, and the company embarked on what turned out to be a trail of glory. Night after night, one saw standard ballets performed with history-making illumination. One saw it happening wherever one looked and whomever one was looking at. New and relatively new faces kept cropping up in important places. Less than headliner roles in *Serenade, Raymonda Variations, The Four Temperaments, The Prodigal Son, Bournonville Divertissements* and others were invigorated by young dancers.

This company-wide phenomenon kept deepening as Baryshnikov's entry into the repertory widened. If one were perverse enough to think about Baryshnikov's presence over and above other factors, one had to think of novel context rather than novel roles. American Ballet Theatre had more or less stopped what it was doing to mold itself to him. At the City Ballet, we saw him swimming along in mighty swift currents. Whatever he did or didn't do on any particular occasion was usually counterpoised by something more eventful in other quarters. As wonderful as his performances were in the Melancholic variation in *The Four Temperaments* and in the allegro movement in *Symphony in C*, to call them the spine of the overall experience would be as willful as swimming upstream. As it happened, the biggest "news" in all of *The Four Temperaments* was the way Jean-Pierre Bonnefous transfixed us to the Phlegmatic variation. Dangling every step of it in front of our eyes, with control so premeditated it was diabolical, he led us through a hall of mirrors where each image seemed all the more arcane for its clarity. He was Houdini.

In *Symphony in C*, which Baryshnikov joined just once toward season's end, it was the Farrell-Martins adagio that pierced the deepest. Yet that these two ballets occasioned the most thrilling of all the Baryshnikov debuts unravels much of the unspecified exhilaration first engendered by his joining the New York City Ballet. These two ballets constitute the richest vein of dance life. With their monumental proportions, there is no way for a dancer to partake in their structure without being ennobled. In the finales, especially, seeing Baryshnikov up there with peers, in literal union, pointed to a

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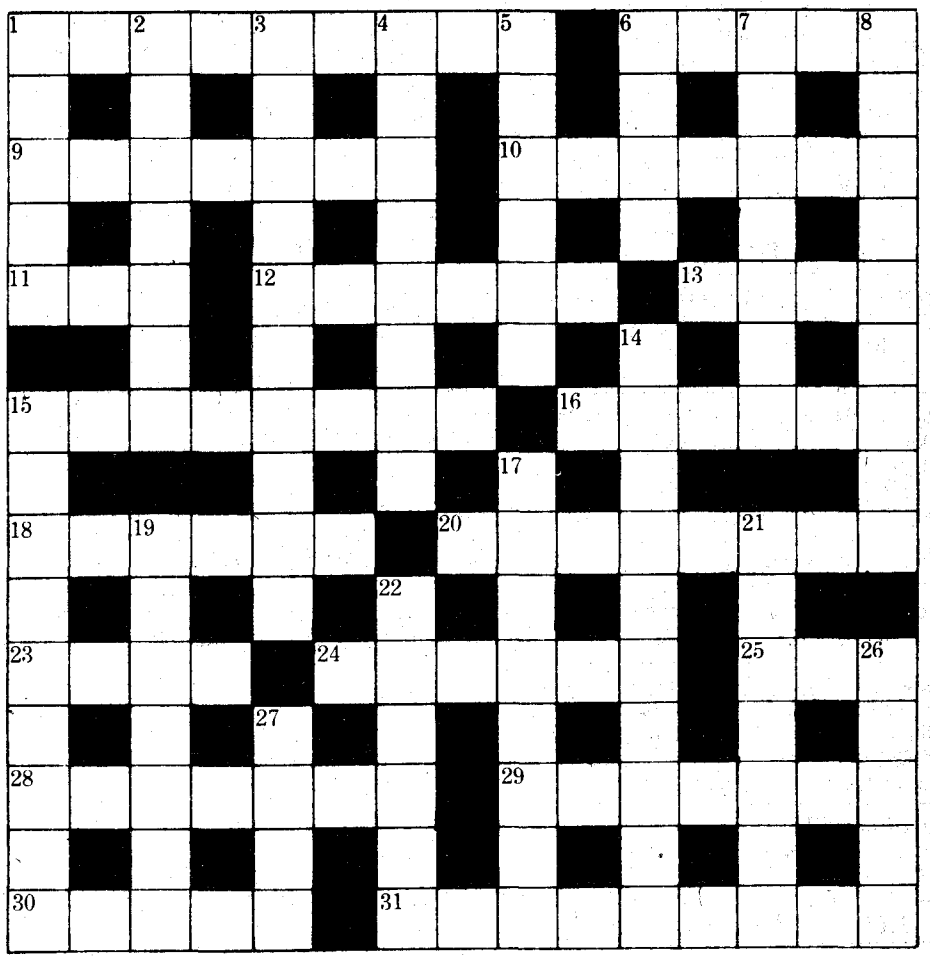
symbolic union. Very simply, he was dancing *with* people, *in* something. Until the City Ballet, we had not seen him in a mature context. This is what the City Ballet experiment promised, and, as far as I'm concerned, it has delivered.

Debut by debut, Baryshnikov's first season with the City Ballet had its ups and downs, with far fewer downs than one would expect from a newly arrived dancer entrusted with huge responsibility. Between July and the winter season's conclusion in mid-February, he learned fifteen ballets. The sixteenth, *Prodigal Son*, was obviously relearned, since he danced it in Chicago two years ago. That is a big chunk of repertory. Besides establishing Baryshnikov's position in the company, *The Four Temperaments* and *Symphony in C* were personal triumphs. *Steadfast Tin Soldier* was a small triumph; *Prodigal Son* was not so complete a victory (the first scene was encumbered by motivational flurry), and his *Four Seasons* was a somewhat backhanded bacchanal. Although chamber-sized, *Donizetti Variations* invites the lead male to join in in just as far-reaching a way as do the Hindemith and Bizet works. Manipulating each segment of *Donizetti* into an exercise of isolated skills—partnering, standing still, solo dancing—Baryshnikov has been less quick to find its sense of community. *Donizetti Variations*' middling scope is the stuff upon which City Ballet dancers most conclusively prove their mettle. So there's a lot more for Baryshnikov to learn, and a lot more for us to learn about him.

In the meantime, his presence has told us some things about the Balanchine repertory. Enduring masterpieces are as protective of dancers as they are inspirational. Some roles, though, are not as fail-safe as one might have assumed; a couple of ballets live at the mercy of dancers. It was only *Orpheus*, this season, presumably revived for Baryshnikov, that remained so unaccountably fragile. A whole generation of dance-goers were moved by it; as a child, *Orpheus* was my *Swan Lake*, standing for everything that was mysterious and poetic in theater. *Orpheus* didn't come off when revived in 1972 for the Stravinsky Festival, and it looks even less self-confident now. Still, one need only listen to the score to know that the past isn't a mirage. Present trouble can be laid to thin lighting, thin casting in just about all of the nontitle roles, lack of rehearsal time, etc. The chief problem, I think, is that no one is listening to the music. It's Stravinsky's *Swan Lake*. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1764

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1, 12 and 6 across Is it near a type of enamel? (One sometimes misses things like this, nearly.) (2,3,4,2,4,5)
9 The general handiness of such as the power company? (7)
10 One might have a problem making it in the first OSS, potentially. (7)
11, 30, 25 and 23 Dot conducted the orchestra, evidently, but it made a good story. (3,8,4)
12 See 1 across
13 Hep to something both central and forward. (2,2)
15 Might they pay off making the money sort of rise? (8)
16 Masonry made of potash, largely. (6)
18 Had an inclination to be enumerated. (6)
20 A heavenly sign next to the pole might be considered somewhat dangerous. (8)
23 See 11 across
24 One might so set a broken leg, in a cheerfully sympathetic way. (6)
25 See 11 across
28 Docked with this off? It sounds like "finis". (4-3)
29 Busy ring given if so? (7)
30 See 11 across
31 A last-minute come-back as the ball is passed, sometimes? (9)

DOWN

1 The force of the blow implies you might get burnt out. (5)
2 Are they always right, if the saying is correct? (The comparison seems to be with the stable.) (7)
3 Made a lot out of a small thing? Quite the contrary! (10)
4 Where the locker is tagged, with the digits of some players on them frequently. (8)
5 Made a profit as the fish were hauled in. (6)
6 One of the animal's 6 across. (4)
7 One way to choose those who hear the case for a sign of softness in enamel, possibly. (7)
8 and 17 A couple of things some players like to make by chance? (With a good drive, you won't have one.) (3-3-3,8)
14 One might read meaning into the position of such as 20, mostly. (10)
15 This sort of act belies a single for each of them. (9)
17 See 8 down.
19 Orient. (7)
21 Sick, with a leg broken? Some might make a Federal case out of such behavior! (7)
22 When he controlled the crossing, it was something to write about! (6)
26 Father will be a high-level minister in 24 hours! (5)
27 Pack part of the tape recorder on the boat. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1763

ACROSS: 1 Of Mice and Men; 10 Reacted; 11 Visored; 12, 22 and 16 At the drop of a hat; 13 Germicide; 14 Back number; 18 Lark; 20 Acephalous; 25 Swarm; 26 Example; 27 Trodden; 28 Safe and sound. DOWN: 2 Frantic; 3 In the end; 4 Endogamic; 5 and 23 Never-Never-Land; 6 Mystic; 7 Norwich; 8 Trial balances; 9 Advertisement; 15 Expedited; 17 Maestoso; 19 Reveals; 21 On and on; 24 Arena.

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